

THE FIELD AFAR



Would that for the great feast of Christendom we had at Margknoll a broadcasting station, and you, dear friend, could listen in! We would ring a more joyful bell than this that once called Buddhists to their temple and now hangs on our porch; and it would carry to your hearts the message of the angels: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.



VOLUME XVIII
DECEMBER

NUMBER 12
1924

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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XVIII, No. 12. Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized November 21, 1921.

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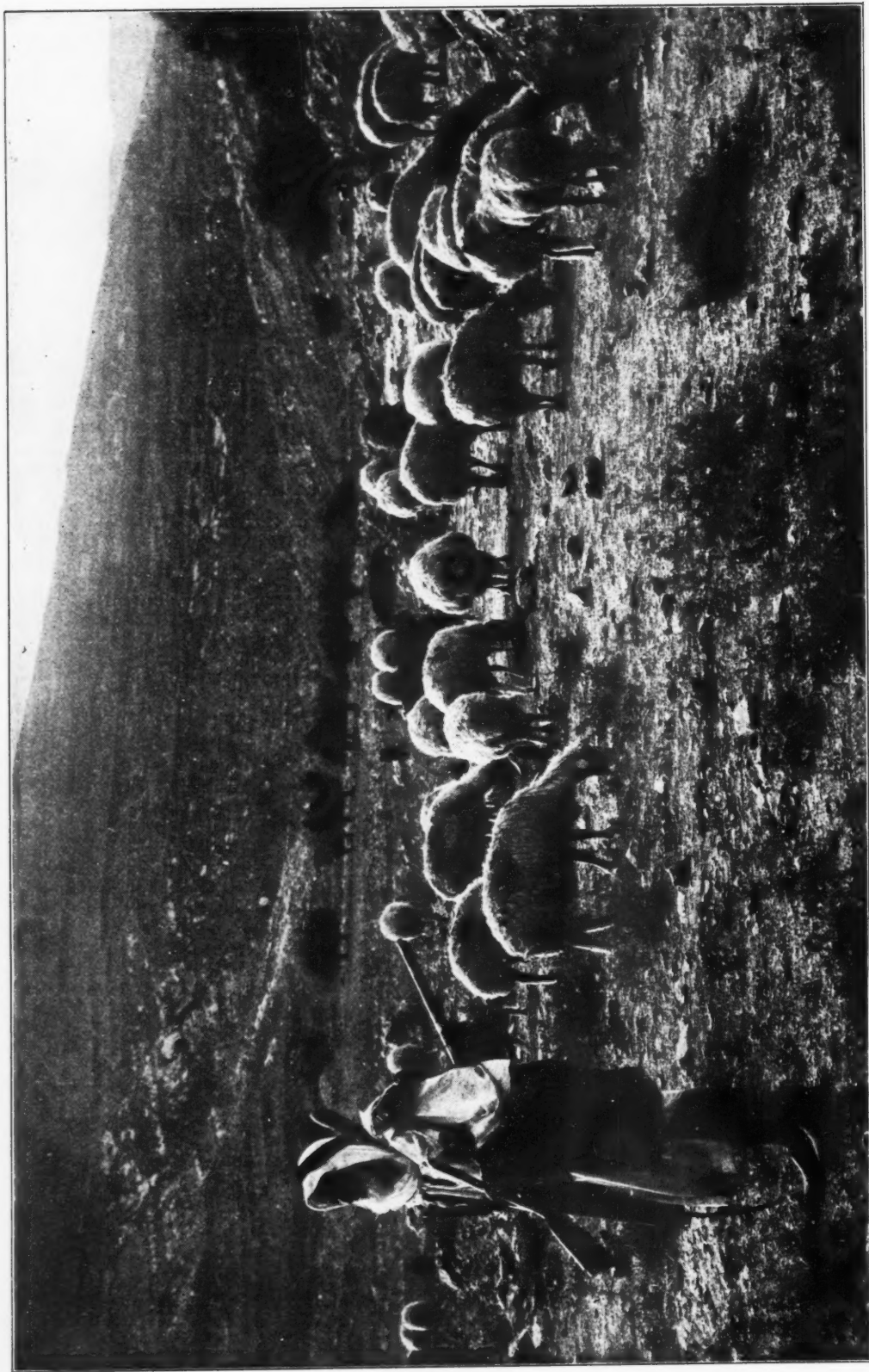
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IF YOU SAW IT IN THE FIELD AFAR, KINDLY SAY SO TO ADVERTISERS.



A HILLSIDE NEAR BETHLEHEM.
And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock.—Luke II, 8.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1924

CHRISTMAS

AS OBSERVED IN PINGNAM — KOCHOW — LOTING — AND KOREA.

IT does seem strange, even after several years away from the homeland, to celebrate Christmas in a semitropical climate, with palm trees in place of evergreens and with flowers at hand to be picked.

And, of course, our readers feel for missionaries so far away from *la patrie*. But then, a missionary's heart is in his work, and home is where the heart is; so our missionaries really do not invite sympathy because of their remoteness. Certainly at Christmastide they miss the old order, the "folks," the friends, the familiar surroundings; but their letters reveal the cause of their content:

Shortly before Christmas, Fr. Murray and I visited a few Pingnam stations to remind the Christians that they were expected at the mission for that day. To those whom we could not visit, we sent letters.

Our preparations for the feast started the week before. We had much to do as we were expecting about fifty Christians to come and help us celebrate. Early in the month, our seminarian-catechist had begun to work on the crib, but we had to take it out of his hands a few days before Christmas to insure its being finished. He did a little work on it each day, and each day we saw another color. It was a regular kaleidoscope affair. We finished the crib in two days, but Mr. Seminarian was disgusted, and, if he ventured his opinion, he probably would have said that the crazy Americans have no sense of the beautiful. I might add here that the compound was lighted with Chinese lanterns and gave a very pretty effect.

When we took the decorating out of Mr. Seminarian's hands, we told him to oversee the buying of chow for the Christians. As a chow master, he certainly covered himself with glory. Christmas Eve saw coolies carrying in

large supplies of vegetables, live fish swimming in buckets of water, and rice to the extent of three hundred and fifty pounds. With this supply, the cooks proceeded to prepare the evening meal. Best of all, however, was the fact that there were one hundred and forty-four people here to help devour the repast. Eighteen tables were set and at each table were eight hungry mortals, all of whom, with the aid of chopsticks which they used like shovels, attempted to satisfy the inner man. It was a great sight.

Fr. Murray celebrated midnight Mass. We had thirty Communions—and, I might add, we had the same number of Communions the three days following. After midnight Mass, another lunch was served. This time our guests had "chuk," a soupy dish, and hence, when they were partaking of it, we were treated with rare sounds. We turned into bed at three in the morning, tired but happy.

Christmas morning, while I was examining catechumens who claimed they were ready for baptism, Fr. Murray was busy in the infirmary caring for the ill, real and imaginary, of the flock. He says he gave out medicine to one hundred and forty-four, but in case he did miss a few, it was only because they got tired waiting and wanted to eat. You should have seen that crowd eat. Where they put the food is beyond us, but we offer as a possible solution that they may have hollow legs. Either that, or they are paying up for the hungry days of the past and preparing for those to come.

I had five baptisms. The other catechumens were not ready, and I told them to wait until Easter.

You will be interested in the following incident: When we were at Tai Yuang, the Christians told us that the women were afraid to come to Pingnam for Christmas on account of the

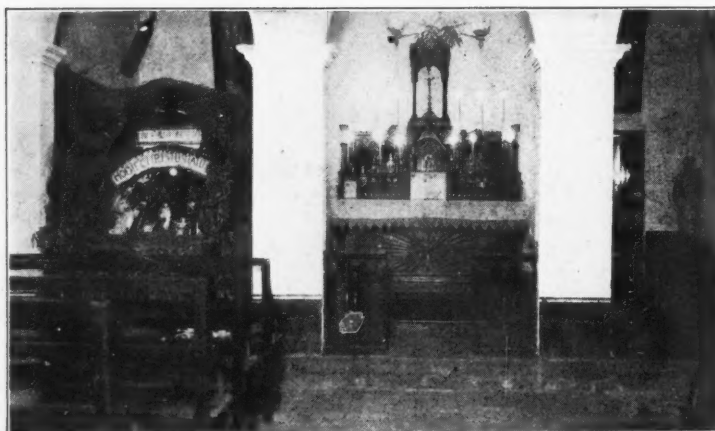
bandits, but they would come if we provided a guard. We made arrangements with the military officials here, and, two days before Christmas, four soldiers armed to the teeth made their appearance and informed us they were at our service. They were four fine looking cutthroats, and I agreed with Fr. Murray when he said, "I should rather take my chances with the bandits than with that quartette." We gave them instructions, paid them their salary, which came to twenty cents per day for each, and sent them on their way. The afternoon before Christmas, they led their charges safely to the mission.

Such is the story, in brief, of our Christmas. It was a most happy feast, and we are grateful to God for the consolation and encouragement He has given us.

AT Kochow, a record attendance crowded the chapel for midnight Mass. At Holy Communion, over two hundred were counted, who gave the Babe of Bethlehem as simple and as loving a welcome as ever was given to Him by the lowly and humble of heart. At night prayers, said in common by the Chinese Christians, an overflow attendance forced the men into the sanctuary, where, on the steps of His throne, they chanted the praise of the God of Nations. Nothing was omitted to make His birthday one of "peace" to these men of good will. Even the crib, sent from the United States months in advance, arrived just in time to permit the use of its symbolic interpretation. About twenty-five heads of families expressed their wish to study the doctrine. Again, permit us to ask for the wherewithal to send these people necessary catechists.

Fr. Paschang preached at the Masses on subjects suited to each. Fr. Fletcher and his teacher in Chinese tones, blended in an harmonization, surpassed only by the Sistine Chapel Choir—that

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS.



CHAPEL OF THE MISSION CHURCH AT PINGNAM.
The crib is the gift of American benefactors.

is, according to Fr. Fletcher's criticism. With time out only for breviary and meals, the priests devoted the whole of Christmas Day to relieving aches and more serious sickness in a few cases; to consulting with aides; to satisfying the demands of many who desired religious articles; or to advising in various vexing worries. The crush, in one sense a burden, was above all else a great consolation. What would Christmas Day have been if there were no Christians here to offer to our King?

At Loting.

TO the ruminatingly reminiscent curate there came a letter on December 23, bringing with it the sad story that the pastor could not possibly return to the mission for Christmas. Then, reflecting on other Christmases, the curate agreed with the sage that "only a burglar wants to be alone"; so he again "wrapped himself in the solitude of his own originality," stoically and heroically accepted the gift of the Fates, and let it go at that.

The next day was a busy one for everybody. Since the large picture of the Holy Family that did service as crib last year could not be located, many small prints of Christmas subjects were substituted. Pagan boys who only yesterday were seen lustily beating a tom-tom drum as their part in a pagan festival, entered no less enthusiastically into the spirit of Christ-

mas by getting a great deal of pleasure in cutting down greens for the Christians' feast. Amid much confusion caused by pagan nurses carrying babies, the curate heard his first confessions in Chinese.

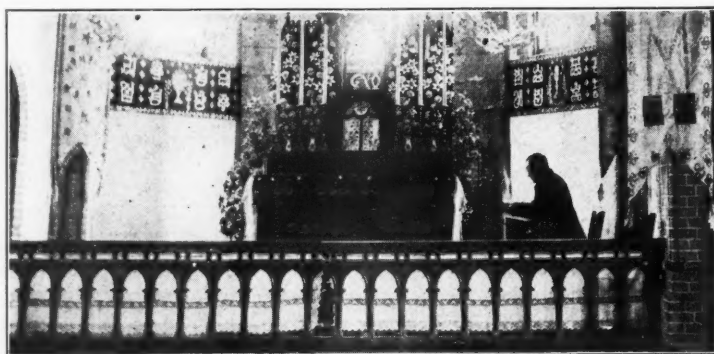
Christmas Day. At the third Mass, which was "Missa Cantata," our "two peace quire" sang the Kyrie; Gloria and Credo "sine organo pulsating." This latter deficit was made up in a measure and to a degree by the wailing of a couple of the orphans. A red rice breakfast followed. Then came a delegation of pagans and Christians to wish the Father God's protection. A feeble attempt at playing Santa Claus for the children, and incidentally for the grown-ups also, gave the curate that "sui generis" feeling; so every-

body was happy.

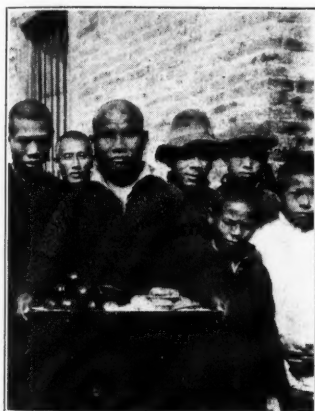
Immediately after dinner Won Lung, the postmaster, delivered Joe Ryan's Academia boxes and greetings to Maryknoll-in-Loting. Just before Benediction, curiosity enticed about a hundred pagans to enter our chapel, where they drowsed over two-hour sermons by eloquent catechists. Then came the usual firecracker explosion.

A Korean Santa Claus.

THE days sped by so fast that the calendar began to smoke, and we awoke one morning to find it Christmas Eve. This was startling, for none of us had yet seen any DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLY signs. But the Christians had not been so stonily deaf to the whiz of time, and, shortly after breakfast, they turned up in force to decorate the church. We were keenly disappointed in not having a crib, for which we had ordered the figures some time previously from an industrial school in Shanghai, but the transportation company suffered a stroke and was unable to make the delivery in time. Never having seen a crib, and unaware of the treat we had planned for them, the Christians were easily consoled. All day long and far into the evening willing hands and feet worked hard, till finally the interior of the church was a thing of beauty and a joy to the Korean heart, with hundreds of colored electric lights—hired for the night by the parishioners themselves—brilliant banners on every pillar, rows of evergreen streamers and trees, and chains of colored paper and cloth. Some overcritical eye might have de-



FATHER CLEARY IN HIS CHAPEL AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR
THE FATHERS.

clared the decorating overdone and the effect gaudy, but we are confident that the Divine Infant had no such fault to find; that, on the contrary, He was graciously pleased with it—and wasn't it He Who designed the universe?

The faithful came from miles round for midnight Mass, some of them making journeys of many hours in weather quite respectably below zero; and we daresay none of them voluntarily missed any of the nine Masses on Christmas Day.

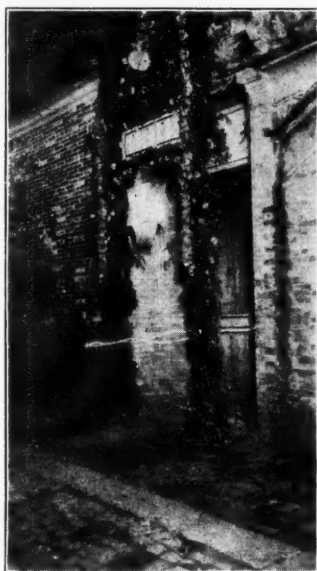
So I was told on my return from the near-by town of Shingishu, whither I had gone the evening before to give the Christians midnight Mass. Shin means "new," and, therefore, Shingishu means New Gishu. Excellent, Johnny; come up to the front row! The trip from Old Gishu is one hour by palli, if the winds be favorable and the gondolier steady on his pins. Dusk was hovering as I went down to the river, and had I been born with poesy in my bones, instead of hay fever, I might have worked up a right noble passion over the grandeur that lay before mine eyes—and behind them too. The river unwound an endless ribbon of ice, striped in twain by an inky thread where a tiny torrent tumbled on—a royal road to the very heart of the blood-red sun, whither I had a rabid notion to flit, inexplicable till I turned to descry dippy Diana stealing up on me from behind, with her spangled mantle of night. There all was purple

and dark; looking before me I saw red, underfoot was white, overhead blue, the rocky masses of Manchuria loomed violet on the right, while the Korean hills to the south were touched with a curious dab of sunset yellow-green—and in the midst of it all I felt like a bloomin' rainbow. The colors, though complementary at times, somehow seemed violent; the Manchurian mountains in their sudden leaps and falls appeared to be having a rough time of it, though the Korean hills were rolling along steadily enough; but between

pace that sped us silently over the ice. Meanwhile the sun subsided entirely, but the aforementioned Diana became bolder, even brazen, so that our silvery way was lighted brightly, too brilliantly, perhaps, for it brought the realization of our unnecessary nearness to the black current racing along the center of the frozen river. The nearer one gets to the water, the smoother is the ice and the easier to propel the palli. The sledmen, therefore, have an affection for the dangerous center, not at all shared by their passengers, who may while away the voyage with conjectures of what might happen from one push at the wrong angle.

It was a strange journey for Christmas Eve, and it brought thoughts of another not quite a year back, when an auto in Galilee broke down and I had a few hours' trudge over a road that leads to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, on a night equally silent save for the passing of an occasional soft-footed camel, and once a woman on a donkey led by a man afoot. The journey that was to change the very reckoning of time was made many centuries ago, but though the Koreans now count the years as we do, they know not why.

Yet some there are that know. In the growing city of Shingishu they number one hundred and sixty, and a delegation therefrom greeted us as the palli and I arrived. It wanted yet

THE DECORATIONS BEGAN AT
THE FRONT DOOR.

the two, the majestic Yalu, arrested in its mighty flow, lay peacefully asleep. Over my spirit there stole a great calm; I began to feel sleepy, or was it enchantment that soothed my troubled soul with the solemn silence of the Boulevards de Glace?

In the midst of all this he sneezed. It was the poor gondolier, awaiting my pleasure patiently, pathetically. I thought of his lonely wife waiting for him, perhaps with a ladle, and straightway squatted down on the sled. Off we went, slowly at first while the motor worked the kinks out of his muscles, then faster till he hit the professional

"EXCHANGING" GIFTS EVEN
IN KOREA.

IS CONTINGENT LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS.

some hours of midnight, and these were spent in the Japanese inn that serves occasionally as a rectory. There is no church in Shingishu, and the Korean priest stationed there has been recalled since the coming of the Yanks; wherefore the faithful never tire of their favorite refrain: "When are we going to have a church?"—to which we can only reply with a fervent, "Yes, when?" We, too, are poor prophets, but Shingishu is an important and booming city, and certainly should have a local church and school. The Protestants have already established two churches there, and are now about to erect a college. We Catholics will never be arrested for speeding.

The catechist's house, which serves as chapel, was brilliantly lighted with rows of colored lamps, and, as we drew near along an alley mercifully covered with a fresh blanket of white, the meditative air of silent night was suddenly changed to "Adeste Fideles." The cantors were the children of the Christians, and they made both tones and words recognizable, though their training had been without the benefit of an organ, and their teacher a fishmonger with enough Latin to serve Mass. The "Adeste" is always thrilling, and if there were here any lack of artistry in its rendition, there was more than atonement by the mere fact of this little oasis of Christianity in a vast pagan desert.

The entire congregation of one hundred and sixty were crowded into the courtyard as I entered, and their greetings were as respectfully low as space allowed. The little room used as a chapel had been decorated until I wondered where the worshipers could attend; but they all managed it somehow. The altar, loaded with as many red and blue lights as it could safely carry, and as many candles as sticks allowed, was flanked on each side by Christmas trees, that with their tinsel thread and gleaming ornaments, conjured up visions of long ago and far away. The walls and ceiling carried what lights and ornaments could find no place on altar or trees. Never before had I beheld such congested illumination; so much "multum" in so little "parvo." And in addition, one hundred and sixty human



The congregation for midnight Mass (Shingishu, Korea) were crowded into the courtyard to greet me.

beings, who breathed! I recalled the missionaries' stories of candles dying out, with the progress of Mass, till the chance opening of a door would admit a fresh supply of oxygen. It couldn't have been very bad at this midnight Mass, for the flames held strong till the end.

The same choir that had sung the "Adeste" in the courtyard, accompanied the Mass with hymns in Korean, in all of which their elders joined; and, though the altar was crude and the chapel poor, were they not, on that account, all the more like to that stable of Bethlehem, whither, as here, the little Child had not disdained to come? A beautiful church may witness more splendid ceremony on Christmas night, but surely no more fervent faith. After the second Mass, for which all remained, the "Adeste" was sung again, and then all sallied forth to exchange the feast-day greetings and take farewell. Again came the query, doubtless reflecting the intention of many Communions: "When shall we have our church?" Whereat I had no heart to be aught but optimistic and expansive.

A few cheerful prophecies and they all scattered content to their various nests.

I ricocheted a few times—'twas icy underfoot—to our Japanese inn, where I had no trouble in forgetting the march of time till late in the morning, when I left for Antung, the Manchurian city across the river, to say Mass for the Chinese sheep there, who have a passable brick fold, but no shepherd since the war. After this Mass I was shanghaied by the only Catholic foreigner in Antung, a Frenchman, who loaded me down unmercifully with apples, fruit, sugar stuffs, and everything else that's nice. I had a hard time making the palli for the return trip to Gishu, and the captain tried to raise the tariff because of the freight, but finally broke out all over with a smile when introduced to a red-cheeked Baldwin. A stiff breeze made the palli ride back less poetic and more chilblainic than the night before, but the captain of the sled must have had a date, for he made the entire slide in high, and I got back to our family fire-side in time for a delightful afternoon with Christmas boxes, books, and mail

SUBSCRIBE FOR HIM! He is thousands of miles from home and he would like to read one of the current monthly magazines from the home land. Will you subscribe for him? Write to Maryknoll about it.

The Ninth Departure Group.

September 12. *Dies illa miseriac*—farewell to the home Knoll. The happy, blessed years have become overnight a memory-plan that we must strive to duplicate in foreign lands. Farewell to the Mother-Knoll—the hardest of all farewells.

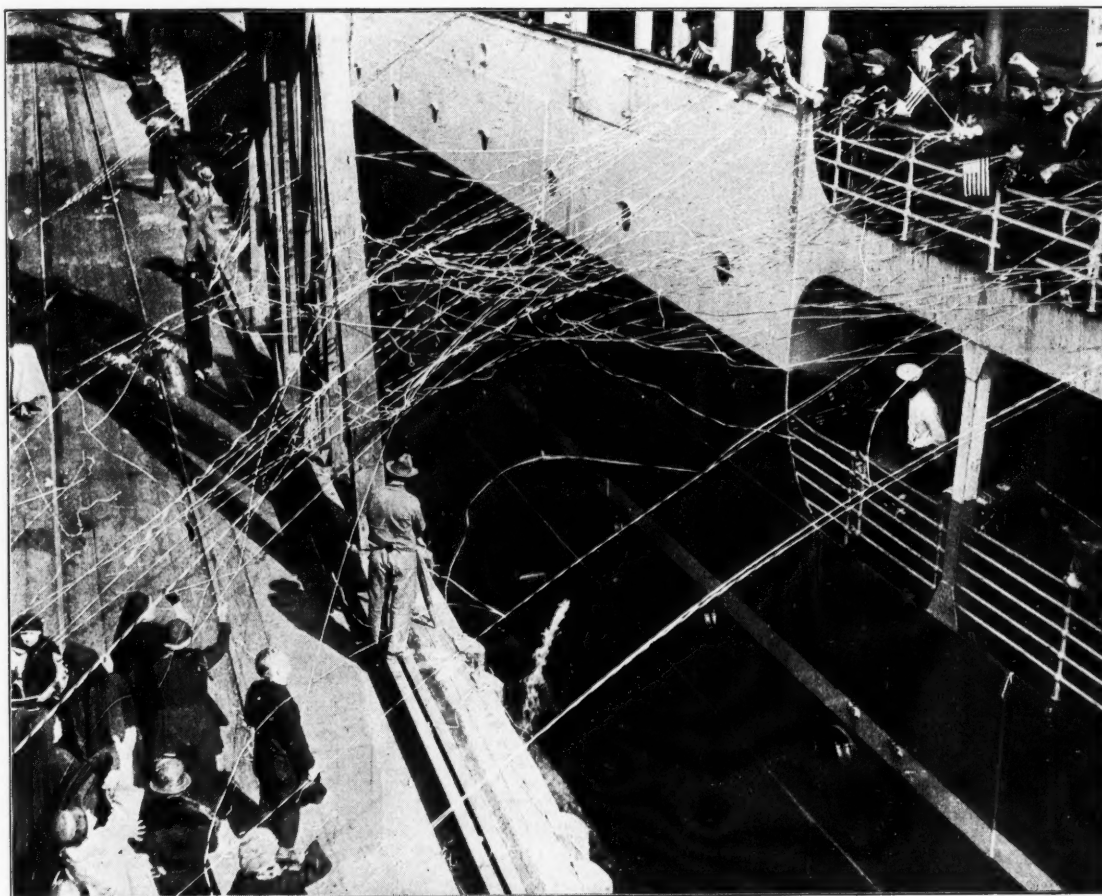
Train time found one of the brethren wandering sightless without his glasses. A relief call brought the "emergency boys" to the station, and Fr. Forget-me-not caught the next train.

September 13. We tumbled out at Scranton to find waiting friends who drove the group to the cathedral, the Vénard, and the Mercy Hospital for Masses. At the Vénard, many new, wondering faces greeted us with smiling eyes and tight lips—the students

were on retreat. Friends and places in Scranton were visited during the forenoon, Fr. Burns at the wheel. A soiree with the Fathers of the faculty brought out some old Maryknoll stories, and (to some) a recollection of the "old familiar faces." *Et nos mutamini.* Fr. Drought conducted the retreat Holy Hour.

September 14. Up betimes—albeit with that tired feeling that only Tiz relieves. Solemn High Mass, missionaries celebrating and assisting, served to conclude the retreat. Some of our Scranton greenhorns went sight-seeing along the Lackawanna trail. Supper was served at dinner, and everybody began to feel upset—another departure was imminent. One hundred and more

visitors had arrived before three o'clock. The students, in procession, conducted Bishop Hoban to the chapel, where the departure ceremony was begun with an address by His Lordship. The Vénard, so the Bishop said, has brought, and will continue to bring, blessings to the diocese of Scranton. Bidding the missionaries Godspeed, he spoke of a future meeting—here or hereafter. Fr. Drought made the address for the missionaries. The departure supper—after-dinner speeches—and a student vaudeville, closed the day, and the mission group left the Vénard amid the hearty cheers and farewells which followed them, to the last, over the hill.



THE TIE THAT BINDS.

When the streamers snapped, our latest group of missionaries realized more keenly than ever the strength of the Maryknoll bond.

FOR STRONGER DEVELOPMENT IN MISSION FIELDS.

September 15. Met in Buffalo by Mr. Gegan and Mr. Doyle of the Knights of Columbus, and by Fr. LePrelle of the A.F.M. For some of the party, the Knights were hosts and guides throughout the day. Fr. Murrett's mother and sister, together with the relatives and friends of Fr. LePrelle, formed a little company of farewellers at the New York Central Station—that "tumbled down shack in Athlone"—where we forgathered for the train to Chicago.

September 16. Day dawn and a late arrival in Chicago found Fr. Walker sans straw hat. He passed it by—its rim upturned, a toe dent in the crown—he passed it by with a look of scorn as if he had never known it. Masses at the Paulists' and at De Paul University. Frs. Broderick and Doyle then took us in hand. We visited Techny in the afternoon. Frs. Janser and Hagspiel were most cordial in their reception of us. Fr Janser leaves for China on September 25 to open, if possible, a procure at Shanghai.

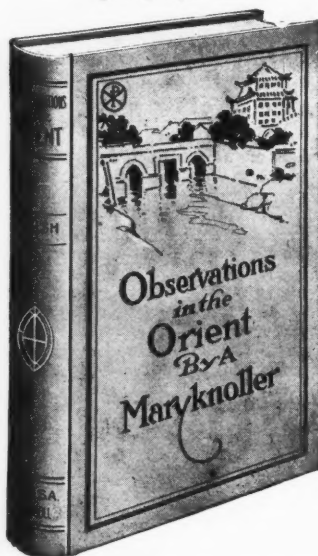
September 17. Frs. Drought and Rauschenbach addressed the students at LaSalle Institute. The Brother Superior, Eleazer, is an enthusiastic missionary. Brother Vincent, Director of the Unit, had written to Father Superior suggesting our visit. Cardinal Mundelein received us at the Chancery Office, inquired for Fr. Ford, and imparted his blessing. Visited Msgr. Purcell at Quigley, Chicago's preparatory school. Called, later, on Mother Theodoli, of the Cenacle Sisters.

September 18. In St. Paul for a four-day stop over. A second late arrival foiled a staff photographer who planned to shoot us for the *Tribune*. The execution, however, was carried out by another firing squad outside the bishop's residence. Archbishop Dowling received us "on the morning of the first day."

We felt like an invading army, or a band of wandering gypsies. St. Catharine's College, the Visitation Convent, St. Vincent's School were among the places visited. From the seminary we went over to St. Thomas's College—a military school of official rank, and further distinguished as the Alma Mater of two Maryknollers. At the request of the Rector of the seminary, Fr. Drought spoke to the students. He emphasized the missionary importance of a strong and dominant Church in America.

September 20. Fr. Crowley of Nazareth Hall called to take us to the preparatory seminary *par excellence*, where a real Maryknoll welcome awaited us. Nazareth, designed by Messrs. Maginnis and Walsh, is the most satisfying school that we have ever seen. Boys trained here will develop fineness

"The book without a dry paragraph!"



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of mind—if only as a result of their surroundings. To us it seemed that the young men have already responded to their situation. Courteous, frank, Catholic, American fellows, they prompted us to pray with thanksgiving and with hope that the rising generation of American priests may be of the kind now found at Nazareth Hall.

At the close of our two-day stay, a program was arranged for our departure; a hymn prepared by the Rector, addresses from the students, and the presentation of a purse exceeding one hundred dollars. A holiday was then declared to commemorate the event. We were dreaming of the Vénard as Fr. Crowley drove us to the station, where we met Frs. Ashness and Mueth.

September 22-24. En route to Seattle—three days and two nights on the Northern Pacific. Met a Dr. Hoff, President of Mount St. Charles College and Superintendent of Schools in Helena. Saw the first ridges of the Rockies on the second day, and crossed the Continental Divide (without mishap) about

nightfall. All agreed that the travel was easy and comfortable—in fact, throughout the trip, we have suffered no inconvenience. The procurator was waiting for us in Seattle when we arrived happy and thankful at the prospect of a short stay in another Maryknoll house.

September 25. "One of us" was at the dock of the *Princess Victoria* to bid au revoir to the S.V.D. missionaries. Called on Bishop O'Dea at half-past ten—"the faith is moving over the waters," so the bishop said. Hope springs eternal, and we left the episcopal residence fortified. In the evening the group met the Maryknoll Circle—one of the missionaries made an informal address.

September 26. Fifty per cent of the Chinese Catholics in Seattle called on us today. His name is Peter Chang. He had just returned from Alaska to resume his studies at the University of Washington, where he has a scholarship. There are seventy or more Chinese students at the University; more than half of these are from Canton. But not one is a Catholic.

Mr. Esterman, director of the Filipino Club, called this evening. A few of the group went today to see the President Grant. They reported all ready for the first call. The rooms they described as "commodious"—they must have been reading the circular.

Crossing the country last September, our missionaries took what opportunities presented themselves for talking on the work that lies deep in their hearts. Before us is a letter sent from Seattle by one Maryknoll Sister who writes:

I addressed the Young Ladies' Institution, Catholic Daughters of America, St. Martina's Mothers' Club, Maryknoll Circle, and I was privileged to speak to the high school and training school departments of the Holy Name Academy, as well as to the high school, grammar school, and junior college girls at the Academy of the Sacred Heart (Madames at Forest Ridge). Each group was a very representative and large gathering, and the response in interest and enthusiasm was most gratifying.

You would be happy indeed could you reserve a present this Christmastide for your departed one. And you can, by securing a perpetual associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Mill Hill and Maryknoll.



THE RT. REV. JOHN BIERMANS.
New Superior-General of Mill Hill.

MILL HILL, the local name for the English Foreign Missions founded by Cardinal Vaughan, installed its new Superior-General, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Biermans; and everybody, most of all the retiring General, Fr. Henry, seems satisfied. Fr. Henry will continue in residence at Mill Hill and serve the Society as its Treasurer-General. He has already entered upon his duties, and in a clearing-up process has found an autograph letter of Cardinal Vaughan which will be a precious keepsake for Maryknoll, and will, we are sure, interest our readers.

This letter was written by Cardinal Vaughan some twenty-two years ago and addressed to one of his priests, who, at that time, was making "a quest in America" for one of the Mill Hill missions.

Cardinal Vaughan wrote:

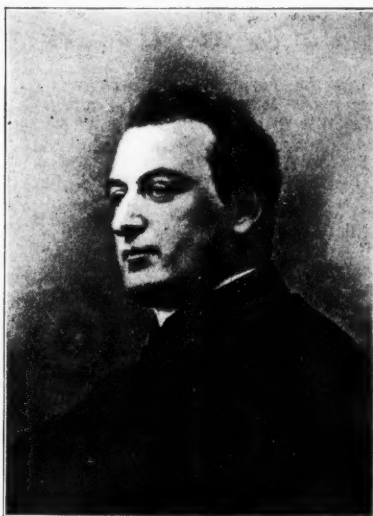
St. Joseph's
Foreign Missionary College,
Mill Hill, London
January 16, 1903.

Dear Father Cullen:

Father Rector has told me of the great success that has attended

your energetic and persevering zeal.

The Catholics of America to whom you have had access have certainly shown themselves willing to advance the cause of the heathen missions of the world. I long to see the time when that great and vigorous Church will found a Foreign Missionary College and send hundreds of Catholic apostles over to work among the heathen. How is it that while so much is done by the American sects to propagate their opinions in the East and elsewhere, nothing is done by the Catholic Church of America?



HIS EMINENCE, THE LATE
CARDINAL VAUGHAN.
Founder of the English Foreign
Missions.

Your work of collecting will stimulate the desire to begin an American Missionary College, I have no doubt, among the Catholic laity and clergy.

Yours devotedly,

✠ HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

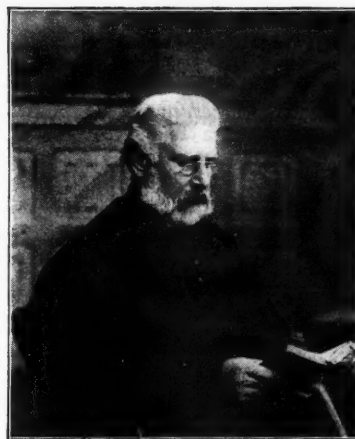
Mill Hill, like Paris, has always been an inspiration to Maryknoll and a silent reminder, before Maryknoll came into being, that what England with comparatively

few Catholics could establish, America could and should do.

The Superior of Maryknoll has always found at Mill Hill a welcome. More than this, the retired general, Fr. Henry, following the example of his illustrious predecessor, urged the Maryknoll Superior while he was yet serving in Boston as a Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, to take steps toward the formation of an American Foreign Mission Society. That was several years before the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was actually founded. Since then, Mill Hill men have watched Maryknoll with the interest of brothers. Fr. Henry and Bishop Biermans have both made headquarters at the Knoll. Two Mill Hill Fathers have taught there and a score of others have found rest in passing. May the spirit of Cardinal Vaughan strengthen Mill Hill to even greater accomplishment in the years to come!

And He shall speak peace to the Gentiles, and His power shall be from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the end of the earth.

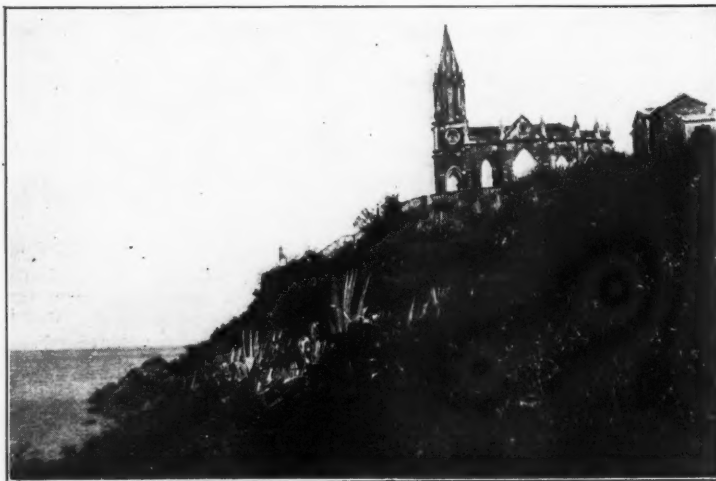
—Zach. 9, 10.



THE VERY REV. FRANCIS HENRY.
Retiring Superior-General.

AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK.

Sancian Island and Other Subjects.



Near the coast of Sancian Island, opposite the shore of China, a church marks the spot where St. Francis Xavier died. Maryknollers now guard this sacred spot.

THIS is a glorious month for the Catholic who breathes the spirit of his great Church. With the birth of Christ as a climax, and the feast of our Immaculate Mother on the eighth, we anticipate both days on the third, when we commemorate the passing to his Master and to his Mother of that illustrious apostle—St. Francis Xavier.

It is the signal privilege of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America to guard, today, the spot on which Saint Francis Xavier, with eyes turned toward the land that he would have evangelized, breathed his last. We refer to Sancian Island (listed on some maps as St. John's Island), off the South Coast of China, where a Maryknoll priest is now in charge.

This year, for three days in advance of the feast, prayers will be said at Sancian for vocations, not for Maryknoll especially, but for all sections of the world, for all dioceses, and for all religious orders of men and women. Readers of THE FIELD AFAR have been asked to add to the prayers of these Chinese islanders, one of their own, and, through St. Fran-

cis Xavier, to offer it to God on the first three days of December. Any prayer will do, but we suggest the following:

PRAYER FOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

O God, Who wouldst have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, send, we beseech Thee, laborers into Thy harvest, and grant them with all boldness to speak Thy Word; so that Thy Gospel may everywhere be heard and glorified, and that all nations may know Thee the one True God, and Him Whom Thou has sent, Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord, Amen.—*From the Mass of the Propagation of the Faith.*

St. Francis Xavier, pray for us!

THE assignment of Sancian Island to Maryknoll by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has caused considerable

comment. It has pleased American Catholics and has even drawn out editorials from some of the secular papers interested in the thought that Americans will now take spiritual care of the island where Saint Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies and Japan, ended his heroic and saintly life.

Mr. Floyd Keeler, in a recent issue of *America*, refers to Sancian Island as "a precious legacy," and closes an interesting article with the following paragraph:

We are making history rapidly these days. American Catholicism is coming to the fore in every direction. Rome is showing her appreciation and American Catholics will not be lacking in their response to that display of confidence. The custody of Sancian Island is a precious legacy, and its being granted to Americans calls for a greatly augmented interest on our part in carrying Christ to China, in completing the work which God, preventing St. Francis from effecting, has left to us.

A well-known Montreal priest writes:

I congratulate you on having within the precincts of Maryknoll the land sanctified by the labors and death of Blessed Xavier.—*Rev. A. P. B., Montreal.*

A layman in Germany, who for many years has been interested in Maryknoll, writes:

The Holy Father in his allocution to your new Cardinals has said: "What will be the Catholic Church in America in fifty, in a hundred years?" and I say, "What will be Maryknoll in fifty, in a hundred years?" The baby I have seen come into this world will be a giant, and I hope we shall meet in heaven to watch together its progress. The new step taken by Propaganda will certainly contribute toward making known your work and with that also your needs.—*F. R. V.*

Have you made out your Christmas list? Did you remember Aunt Alice, and Uncle Charley, and all? Did you leave a place on your list for Him Whose birthday you will be celebrating?

How few give Our Lord a birthday present! Save worry on this point, and make Him a gift for His work in foreign missions—a threefold gift: to Christ, to His missionary, and, the greatest of all gifts, to some pagan soul.

Put Him on your list today!

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.

And from far-off India, where St. Francis Xavier is known and loved, comes the following:

I beg you to accept our congratulations on your being assigned to Sancier Island. It is a great privilege and I am sure it will be no small incentive to efforts on the part of your Society and its vast army of helpers in America. Your missionary career begins almost where St. Francis Xavier's ended; no, not ended; for he will continue that wonderful career through you. The assignment is a blessing to Catholic America and to heathen China.

Evidently China has caught hold of the fancy, the heart, and the purse of Melicans. We don't envy, for we are sure India will catch you yet, and, in God's good time, there will be a Maryknoll-in-India. In a missionary's heart there is room for every part of the pagan world.

It is very kind of you to designate our boys' two dollars* for Sancier Island. The lads have gone home for the summer vacation—it is one hundred eight degrees in the shade—and when they return I shall treat them to a delightful surprise by telling them where their money has gone. Two dollars is a wee sum, but our object in urging the students to give their mites is to make them learn a lesson from European and American children, and to arouse their interest in the work of saving souls. Since "distance lends enchantment," we present China to their view.

We ask your prayers and your blessings for our boys, ourselves, and our country, and we wish more and more success to Maryknolls east and west of us.—*Brother A—, India.*

Patrick Wong is a Chinese from Honolulu. He received his degree of Bachelor of Science last June at Dayton University and returned to his home. He writes:

A most welcome surprise greeted me when I read in a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR that the districts of Sunning and Sunwui were placed under Maryknoll. There are more Chinese immigrants from those two places than from any other in this country, and there are a number of wealthy ones who, I am sure, would be willing to cooperate in the establishment of schools and other institutions, if they only knew the real object of Maryknoll.

My parents are from Sunning and many of my relatives are there. You

"Why do you like the Stringless Gift?" a friend asks. Because we can look over the Maryknolls here and abroad, note where the need is most pressing, and apply the gift. In this way we can often save money for the cause.

may be sure that as soon as I reach home I'll let the Sunning people know that they can put up schools in their district and be assured of good English teachers as well as American protection.

Please say a Mass of Thanksgiving for me, that our Lord may continue to bestow His graces and blessings upon my family and myself, and that I may persevere and be of real service to Him in the future.

Many visitors to Maryknoll have been interested in a Korean group now in training. Three are novices "over at the Sisters," and two, brothers of the novices, study in New York.

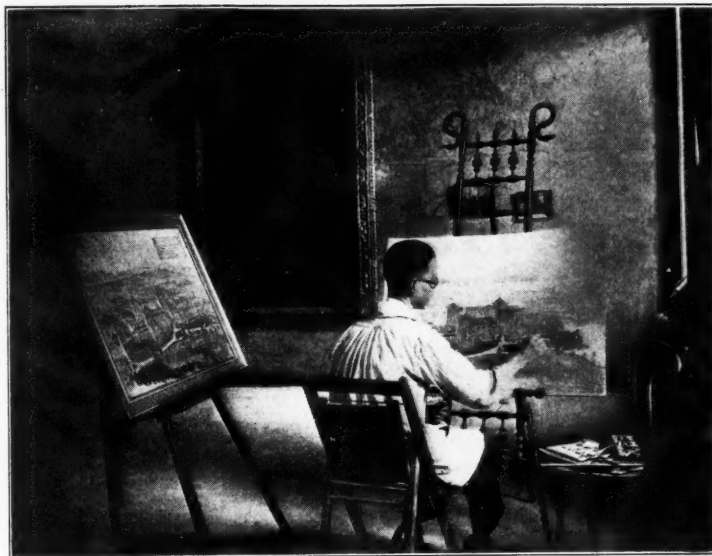
One of the two brothers is, at present, looking forward to his Bachelor of Arts degree from Manhattan College, next June; the other is an art student at Columbia University, New York, where recently his work was especially praised. Each hopes to consecrate his talents to the Church in Korea—one as a jour-

nalist and publisher, the other through the spread of Christian art.

POPE PIUS TO MISSIONERS IN THE TRENCHES

AND as Our grateful thought goes to God, so also does it go to those generous ones who are in the trenches of the faith, fighting in the very face of the powers of hell, sacrificing themselves in the battle of God, and winning holy victories. Who knows but on this very day, at this very hour, the Divine Spirit is instilling into those hearts the happy presentiment of a future ever more beautiful, ever more blessed by divine graces, ever more fecund in salvation for souls, and that this presentiment is already the comfort and compensation of their heroic trials?

With them We desire to begin Our benedictions; with them who are brought before Us like a great, immense, sublime vision.



LOUIS CHANG, A CATHOLIC ART STUDENT FROM KOREA. Painting a picture of the still-incomplete Maryknoll Seminary.

*—An offering for Maryknoll from boys in India.

INTEREST A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.



IN PARADISUM. A Christmas Story.

By M. M. J.

WEI PA-CHEUNG watched the procession approach. He stood at his own gate, and the crowds that lined the narrow, walled-in street did not press too closely on him. His servants saw to that.

The great man—for Wei was great in this island city set in the China Sea—was too absorbed to think of himself just then; his eyes saw only the advancing throng, and his ears were strained to catch the strange melody and still stranger words borne ever and ever more clearly on the fever-laden air.

It was August, and dreaded cholera, its unailing attendant, was taking its annual toll of lives, visiting rich and poor alike, with horrible impartiality. The family of Wei had not been spared. Even now, the first-born was stricken and the woeful house lay prostrate under the wrath of angry gods.

On came the procession; gradually the listener caught and held a few of the oft-repeated words: *In Paradisum—chorus angelorum.*

Then he found himself reviewing the long column as it passed before him. There were old men and young, women and children, and more women with babes on their backs, foreign priests and the queerly-garbed women whose white-winged headdress he had been content to glimpse from afar, and whose coming to the island neither he nor his father before him had welcomed or could understand.

It was the funeral procession of one of these women which was passing.

"Her honorable age was four score and two, and she has been among us for more than half that time," Wei's servant had told him. "Last night

death touched her, and today there is much sorrow. I spoke often with Sister Gabriel. She was a friend to everyone; her house was open always to the sick and poor."

Wei recalled this as the stream flowed on, and he wondered yet more. There were no hired mourners dressed in fantastic robes of red and green, no hideous idols, no great blue lanterns, no bright red banners extolling her virtues, no trays laden with the funeral meats and sweets this aged woman's soul would require on its long journey; nor were there musicians whose shrill, strident notes should ward off evil spirits.

Even after the crowd had gone, held by some mysterious power, Wei stood thinking of it all. He had witnessed the real grief of hundreds of his countrymen at the death of a stranger—a woman at that—who had spent her life serving those he would scorn to touch.

Wei turned at a tap on his arm.

"Thy son is dead," said a yellow-robed figure—a Chinese priest who, with his fellows, had been trying in vain to bribe the gods to let the heir of the house of Wei live on. "We are ready to go." He held out his hand for the offering he expected.

Silent, with no outward sign of his grieving heart, Wei motioned to the priest to follow him. Together they went into the house, now filled with loud wailings. As for Wei, he still visioned the procession; the fragrance of passing incense and the strange melody haunted him.

"*In Paradisum,*" he muttered.

"Sure Sister Gabriel always had the patience of a saint, and tried enough it was in this heathen land. And isn't all this a sign that she is very close to God this minute?"

A reverent silence approved this observation of Sister Dubois, and the Sisters, gathered for the noonday recreation, looked toward the hill where a little more than a year ago they had followed their loved Sister Gabriel to her final resting place.

Dreaded August had come and gone, and, while cholera raged on all sides, the children of the orphanage had been untouched.

"Last year we lost forty-eight in a single day," went on Sister Dubois, "and over one hundred and fifty before the plague stopped. Every other year it was the same. But this year, not one," she emphasized, bent on the im-



No hideous idols, no great blue lanterns, no red banners marked the funeral of Sister Gabriel.

BE A FOREIGN MISSIONER AT HOME BY

mediate canonization of one whose virtue and winsome personality had ever been her beacon.

"Tell us again what Sister Gabriel said that night," a little Chinese Sister requested.

"You know," replied Sister Dubois, only too happy to tell the oft-repeated story, "how quickly the attack came. Cholera always makes me think of a serpent striking its victim unawares and pouring death-giving poison into his veins." She shuddered.

"It was only a few hours after Sister had gone to bed that she called me. We both knew at once what fearful thing had happened.

"When the priest had gone, in spite of awful agony, she would speak of many things, and particularly of the children who had died that very day—thirty of them, all little ones she had saved from death or worse misery. We prayed together; and, when the end was very near, I said, 'You will not forget us, Sister Gabriel, who must wait yet a little while? And, oh, do ask God to spare our children!' She looked at me and smiled. That was all. I thought she might not have understood, but I know now that she did. Sister Gabriel has obtained God's special protection for this house."

A Chinese servant entered.

"Wei Pa-cheung, the great one, is here and asks for admittance to your honorable presence."

All were alert at once. Was some new trouble on hand? Why was this man whose family had always opposed them and their works here now?

Wei greeted Sister Dubois with all the beautiful courtesy of the Chinese ceremonial.

"I have heard," he said, "that the sickness passed over your heavenly house this year and I have come myself to see if it is true; for, always, every house is stricken. Two more of my sons have taken the great journey. I do not understand."

Sister Dubois breathed freely again and while she told Wei the story of Sister Gabriel's promise and its fulfillment, she conducted him through the house, where he saw, for the first time, a very multitude of children, smiling



As Wei watched the Sister's funeral procession pass, he caught the strange, beautiful words, "In Paradisum."

and gay. Even the maimed and blind seemed happy.

When the inspection was over, Wei said, "I watched that Sister pass by, and often now when I sleep I see the strange procession and in my ears is the still stranger music the children made that day. *In Paradisum!* Will you tell me what that means?"

"How wonderful is God in His works!" sang the heart of Sister Dubois. "Sister Gabriel, help me now," she prayed. But to Wei she recited the whole prayer, explaining each passage as she went along.

May the angels lead thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and take thee to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the choirs of angels receive thee and mayest thou, with the once poor Lazarus, have rest everlasting.

Wei listened intently to the end. "How beautiful," he said, "to be carried by kindly spirits to a land of everlasting happiness where unknown friends will greet one! Will you ask these angels to take me, too, on my long journey? I will pay them what they ask."

"One cannot pay for such a privilege with gold and silver," Sister answered. "All the angels ask is that you learn to know and love and serve the God they bless in Paradise."

"Are you sure they will take me if I do that, Sister? And will the chil-

dren sing that song lest the angels do forget? If this is so, I am ready to learn all you will teach me," said Wei. "I will come again tomorrow."

In Paradisum te deducant angeli, prayed Sister Dubois, her eyes soft and tender as they followed the departing guest, betraying the fullness of her thankful heart.

Christmas Eve with all the sweet, joyous anticipation of the coming of the Christ Child!

On the feast itself, Wei was to be baptized. Faithful to his promise, he had come regularly to the orphanage, and his docile, eager mind had quickly and easily accepted the teachings of Mother Church. Stephen was the name he had chosen. "Stephen will perhaps lead the martyr band to meet me in Paradise," he had remarked with child-like faith.

No one had taken greater interest in the Christmas preparations than he, and baskets of food, clothing, and bawbles had been smuggled into the orphanage by his servants, while with his own hands he had helped erect the crib.

Sister Dubois was tying up the last gift when a servant whom she recognized at once as belonging to Wei rushed in, his eyes wide with tears.

"Come at once," he said, "my master is wounded and dying, and calls for you."

(Continued on page 358)

THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority

Founded in 1907. Appears monthly (except August).

Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders payable to

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

Let the mountains break forth into singing, and the hills bring forth righteousness: for the Lord, the Light of the world, cometh with power.

THIS issue of THE FIELD AFAR will reach some of our readers well before Christmas Day, but we expect that it will get to all—except those in Asia, Polynesia, and Africa—in time to convey the sincere and grateful wishes of all at Maryknoll for a much blessed Christmastide.

WHY worry about the kind of present?

Everybody who reads it likes THE FIELD AFAR, and the youngsters dote on *The Maryknoll Junior*, while men and women, young and old, pious and otherwise, who have looked into Maryknoll books, say that they are absorbingly interesting, even for non-Catholics. Select your present from this issue of THE FIELD AFAR.

AMONG a dozen circulars that fell on our desk the other day was one on Internationalism and Christianity, outlining a plan for the World Peace Mission and calling for the cooperation of the press. World peace will come when nations are Christian and

the vicegerent of Christ is recognized as such.

THE FIELD AFAR and every other Catholic magazine that is trying to win the nations of this world to the Church of Christ is already on the right track.

A SURPRISE came to us some weeks ago when the contents of a well-filled Mite Box were announced as the savings of a poor Jewish boy who "reads and likes THE FIELD AFAR." We don't know how he became interested, but we do know that this boy made sacrifices to gather pennies, nickels, and dimes into a Maryknoll Mite Box.

May we not urge our readers to do likewise this coming year, if not during these Advent days? Mites do much for the spread of the faith of Christ.

IT is a comforting thought that our own United States of America is under the special patronage of the Immaculate Conception. This means nothing to some millions of Americans, but to American Catholics, it accounts for many a blessing.

To us of Maryknoll, the feast of the Immaculate Conception is always an occasion of thanksgiving that from a hilltop named in her honor, consecrated young men and young women have, for some years past, been crossing this continent, and embarking for heathen lands to multiply Bethlehems for Mary's Child. May they be followed by hundreds and thousands in the years that lie before us!

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we call on our friends to unite in spirit with a Maryknoll priest and his little flock on Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier died, and to offer a few prayers for vocations.

The vocations sought are not expressly for Maryknoll—which, for the moment, has its accommodations pretty well taxed—but for all necessitous dioceses and religious orders. We of Maryknoll are convinced that there are plenty of vocations, at least in the United States, but we believe that they must be cultivated. They don't grow wild. In some dioceses, a Sunday is set aside for sermons and instructions on this vital subject. The day may yet come when, on some designated Sunday, in every Church and in every diocese, vocations will be the subject of special discourses and special prayers. In the meantime, let us each in his own corner, pray that the Church may be strengthened with an ever-growing number of fine, zealous, apostolic souls to keep sanctuary lamps gleaming and to multiply tabernacles of Christ on this earth.

WE appreciate the response to our call for "new friends." It is not a heavy task to find one new reader for THE FIELD AFAR. Your own assurance, added to the unusually low price for a high-class monthly, should produce the desired result. One more friend for Maryknoll may not seem much, but Maryknoll thrives on just such units.

AN ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS CARD

A Maryknoll Art Department production bearing to your friend your warm good wishes and Maryknoll's, will be sent to each on your gift list to whom you offer the year-long present of a subscription to

THE FIELD AFAR

(\$1 a year; 6 years, \$5); or

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

(Fifty cents a year)

WITH EVERY

SUBSCRIBER

A

FRIEND

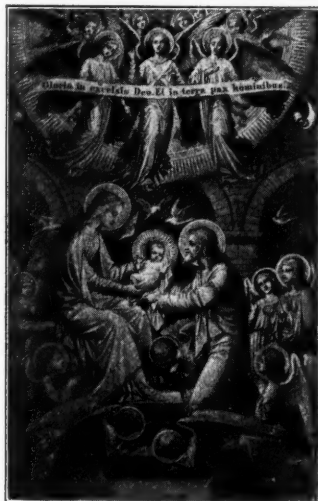
"Every reader a friend"—is a FIELD AFAR hope, if not a Maryknoll boast. Certainly THE FIELD AFAR gets some fine tributes from readers, and, when they are called upon to do something more than meet the low subscription price, a gratifying number respond. For many, each response, though cheerfully met, spells a sacrifice, and that is a strong reason why, with Maryknoll getting big—very big—THE FIELD AFAR must find many more friends. One of yours please?

O King of the Gentiles, yea, and Desire thereof, O Corner Stone that makest of two one: come, to save men, whom Thou hast made of the dust of the earth.

IT is to the credit of fair-minded American men in public life and in editorial sanctums that so many sincere regrets were expressed on account of the uncalled for rudeness to the Japanese people in the matter of recent immigration legislation. The reaction in Japan was strong and bitter. It could hardly have been otherwise.

We of Maryknoll have received from our Catholic people sympathetic inquiries about the effect on mission activities under the Japanese flag, and a recent letter from an observing priest-friend in a large city of Japan gives us some light on the present attitude. He writes:

It is hoped that the effervescence which manifested itself in Japan after the American law of May 26 will soon die down. The tension which has existed can hardly last. But the wound is deep, very deep. It has pierced the Japanese to the quick and they will never forget it. The Buddhist and the Shintoists have seized the opportunity and are increasing their attacks on Christianity. There is no doubt that religious propaganda, both Protestant and Catholic, will suffer considerably. This will be less noticeable, perhaps, in the very large towns, such as Tokyo and Osaka; but elsewhere, and especially in the country regions, it will certainly be very difficult to overcome prejudices, and this difficulty will be of long duration.



And the Word was made flesh.
—St. John, I, 14.

KNOW that the kingdom of God is near.

Christ is born to us. Come, let us adore Him.

On Christmas Eve, these words will fall from the lips of the Holy Father in Rome, and from the lips of priests—tens of thousands—all over this earth. Each will apply them to himself and every priestly heart will soften as the thought comes home that the birthday of Christ is at hand.

And you, dear friends, you, too, will hear this voice, the cooing of a Child that bids you love Him and make Him loved. Are you doing both?

SHOULD your good heart prompt a Christmas gift for

Maryknoll this year, don't rack your brains to find out to which of our thousand and one needs you will have it applied. Leave it Stringless and be assured that its destination will be carefully determined.

Is there any youthful reader of our paper who would be willing to spend his life as a priest, among the hills of Judea, over which our blessed Lord walked?

PLEASE accept a small gift toward supporting a native student for one year, in the foreign seminary. I intend, with the help of God's grace, to keep this up, and, perhaps, add another in future years. Also renew my subscription for six years.

The above quotation from a pastor in one of the New York "upstate" dioceses points to what, we believe, is the best solution for the problem of mission support—parish adoption.

In the Maryknoll family, for example, there are now four hundred and seventy-five persons, including priests, students, Brothers, and Sisters. Three hundred dollars a year is not a large sum these days, but it would meet a goodly portion of living expenses for one, in the home land or on the field. Why not adopt one of us?

Again, on the missions, there are catechists and aspirants to the priesthood, whose adoption would require even less. Can it not be one of these?

FROM THE VATICAN.

Very Reverend Father:

It is my agreeable duty to inform you that the Holy Father has been pleased to accept your homage as expressed in the gift of the book, Maryknoll Mission Letters, and the periodical, The Field Afar.

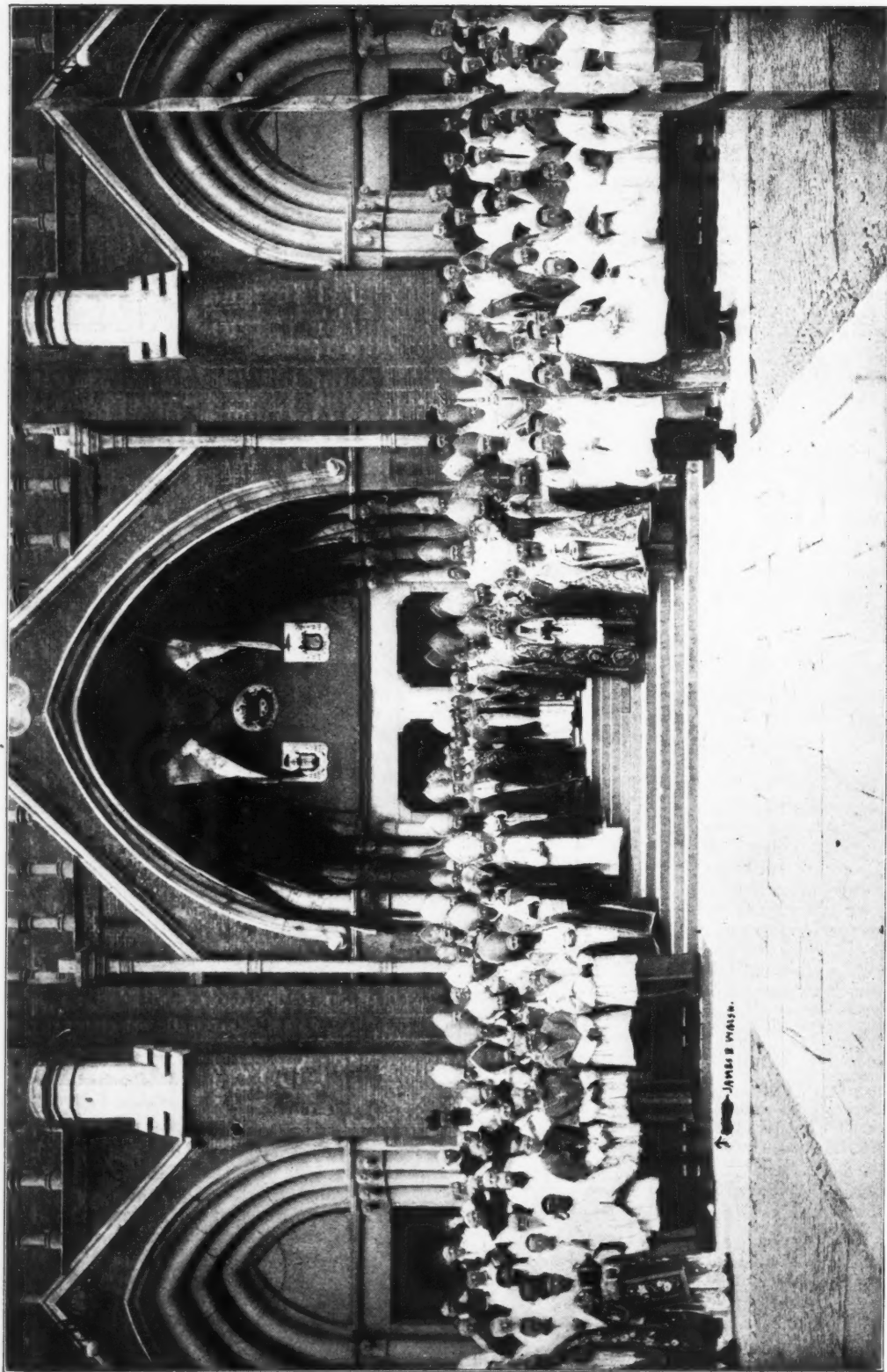
The Holy Father thanks you for this proof of your filial devotion and bestows on you from his heart the Apostolic Blessing.

I take this opportunity to repeat the assurance of my deep and sincere esteem.

Devotedly,

P. Cardinal Gasparri.

MANY FRIENDS WILL PUSH OUR CAUSE.



THE ASSEMBLY OF BISHOPS AND THE PREFECT APOSTOLIC AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST CHINESE COUNCIL HELD AT SHANGHAI AND PRESIDED OVER BY HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP COSTANTINI (CENTER).
The Maryknoll Prefect Apostolic may be recognized in the first row on the left, fourth from the center. Incidentally, Fr. Ford says that custom calls for "a full rig" on this first Maryknoll monsignor. He must, willy-nilly, have a ring on his finger, a crozier, a miter, a chain and cross. Yet he has no money for such, and his Mother Maryknoll keeps her pocketbook empty. If you have some precious stones lying around, send them along.

Some China Chronicle.

Fr. Meyer Writes from Hoingan.

ONE does not have to associate long with the Chinese to notice that they are remarkably cheerful and good-natured. In no country of this earth, probably, is there more suffering than in overpopulated and undeveloped China—famine, plague, robbers, undisciplined soldiery, and the thousand injustices of daily occurrence arising from the lack of fellow-feeling that characterizes society where Christian love has no place, tear and rend and grind down this race; and the victims are numbered by millions and tens of millions.

Yet all is borne, for the most part, very patiently; and, after the first shock of the calamity has passed, the natural cheerfulness of the race again asserts itself. Recently, some of our poorest Christians had their fishing nets wantonly destroyed by soldiers in anger because of the lack of fish. The loss of the net and of the fish they could reasonably have expected to catch, amounted to over three hundred dollars. The poor fishermen were left saddled with a debt of one hundred and fifty dollars; for they had borrowed this money at eight per cent *per month* to buy the net, fully expecting to be able to pay back all within a month. On their way here to consult with me as to means of getting some recompense, they were arrested by other soldiers on the accusation that they were robbers, since they came from a region where the robbers are numerous. All their money was taken from them, and a ransom of forty dollars exacted also. The soldiers knew that they were not brigands and had no intention of following up the accusation; it was simply a case of blackmail. Though heavily burdened with debt, from which it will take years to recover, and with starvation staring them in the face, after a day or two, these unfortunates seemed as happy and cheerful as ever. The blind and otherwise afflicted show the same qualities and are usually quite as cheerful as those more favored, except in cases where life is made miserable by the nagging of relatives who chafe under the burden of their support.

I spent two weeks on a trip to Hongkong on business. Fr. O'Shea and several of the Sisters returned with me in order to make the pilgrimage to Sancian, which they report to be an enchanting place, even though, at low tide, it is necessary to wade to shore. The harbor did well enough for the small sailing vessels of St. Francis Xavier's time—boats which ran in on the tide and lay on the mud when it went out. The island has practically no commerce except in salt fish; in the Saint's day it was a trading post or transfer point for Portuguese commerce with Canton.

We have recently been getting some letters covered with a rich assortment of postmarks. Someone at Maryknoll found out that Hoingan is in Kwangsi, and letters and packages have been so addressed. I can imagine the Chinese postman taking communications to various Europeans throughout the province and asking, "Is this yours?" The mail finally got back to Wuchow and has been sent along—all but the candy, for fear it would spoil. One letter went up into Kiangsi and was routed to the procure by an American Lazarist. Therefore, be it known to all, that we have moved Hoingan down into Kwangtung, across from Sancian Island!

One of our great difficulties here is to instruct the people so that they may have some realization of the truths of faith, and to do this we must present our teaching as vividly as possible. With this end in view, I should like to get a stereopticon with a complete set of pictures for teaching catechism and explaining the Mass.

We have no electricity, so we should have to use a portable acetylene generator, which will make the outfit more expensive. I wonder if someone wouldn't be willing to finance this venture to the extent of five hundred dollars (gold)? I can assure the donor or donors that the good resulting from such an outfit would be incalculable. Even the older Catholics would have their faith strengthened and renewed and rooted more deeply in their souls, for we must not forget that they are engulfed, and too often entirely lost,

in the stagnant sea of paganism. We have no stained glass church windows or illustrated Catholic magazines to impress religious truths upon their minds, and yet it is these illiterate people with a pagan tradition behind them who most need such aids to faith. It seems to me that illustrated lectures on the catechism would admirably suit that purpose.

Many of our readers have watched the development of Yeungkong, the first Maryknoll mission, now in charge of Fr. Ford. A visiting missionary, after seeing Yeungkong, writes:

The spiritual is keeping pace with the material development in Yeungkong. I think it almost an axiom that conversions in cities are rare, yet within the last year, about a hundred have been baptized in Yeungkong. These were under instruction for varying lengths of time and there are more studying now. Fr. Ford has rented a shop in the center of the town and plans to install a catechist. I understand he is going to make an attempt at "street preaching."

We are all rejoicing with you on Sancian's becoming a part of Maryknoll-in-China. I suppose, there will be a grand rush, moderated by oriental modes of travel, etc., to see the Island. With the exception of Fr. Sweeney's mission, we of Hoingan are the closest of any of the Maryknollers to Sancian, but, so far, the closest I have come is to see the peak of the mountain from the fifty-fourth story of our mansion. On second thought, I rather suspect that the "rush" would not be injurious even to one with heart trouble. Rushing simply must not be in the Chinese dictionary.

"Delightful—the little enamel Chi Rho pins from Maryknoll!" So those who see them think. And so they are. They come in blue and gold, also in red and gold. If preferred, the Chi Rho can be provided in gold, solid or plated. Prices for the Chi Rho pins run from fifty cents up. Make yourself a Christmas present of one and give a few around.

OUR CHINA SISTERS CAN SUPPLY LIGHT VESTMENTS.

Christmas at Home.



MARYKNOLL UNDER A FIRST MANTLE OF SNOW.

DECEMBER Days have not settled fully on us as these sparks fly out from the home fire. The air is balmy with the lateness of autumn, and the roads are clear enough to permit visiting automobiles. We have often thought of widening the posts at the entrance, but the recent visit of an archbishop, who did not seem to be inconvenienced, has encouraged us to wait a while longer, until more of our building is finished, and then, to swing open the gates magnificently on creaking hinges. Of course, all this will take time and oil, perhaps, for the hinges; but friends of Maryknoll know that her heart is large even though her accommodations are small.

Those friends who have dropped in on us recently have been surprised at the extent of our building program. It is extensive, we admit, but the old walls were bulging from "pushing over," and, with a houseful of a hundred and twenty, we are forced to keep a contractor and his little army busy, while they, in turn, keep us poor, but sheltered. So the building goes on, and what has been

finished, so far, is pronounced "solid and sturdy" by our visitors.

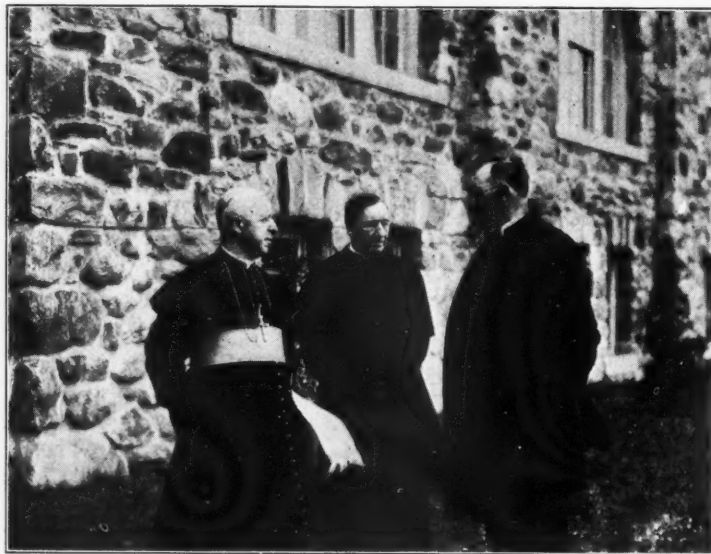
To get back to friends again, we must not fail to record the recent visit of His Grace Archbishop

op Dowling, of St. Paul, a friend who has watched from the beginning the work of Maryknoll. In a talk to the students, His Grace emphasized the necessary existence of trials and sacrifices in the missionary's life, and the graces derived therefrom.

Hardly had Archbishop Dowling left us, safe in the hands—and the automobile—of the genial Sing Sing ex-Chaplain, when we were favored with a visit from Monsignor Amleto Cicognani, from the Sacred Consistorial, Rome, who was in this country for a brief stay.

We were also glad to welcome, for the first time, to Maryknoll, the Rt. Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Mont., who called with Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York; also the Rt. Rev. William O'Hare, S.J., Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica; and Monsignor James F. Newcomb, of Wheeling, W. Va.

Nor must we forget Fr. Larribeau, who, you may remember, visited us some time ago on his way to France, where he was going to see his family for the first time since his ordination,



HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. AUSTIN DOWLING, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL, MINN.
"Snapped" while chatting with the Maryknoll Superior and Fr. Cashin, former Chaplain of Sing Sing.

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST

seventeen years ago. Fr. Larribeau cheered us all with his smile, on his return trip to Korea, where he goes laden with greetings and "fresh" news for the Maryknollers there.

Another interesting visitor was Mr. David Goldstein, who lectured to the assembled communities from the pulpit of his autovan, so effectively that even the chill of fall was forgotten for the moment.

We are also happy to record passing visits from many priest-friends, old and new, who, we are sure, will not object if we fail to mention them by name.

Our students are always pleased with the visits of ecclesiastics and especially of missionaries. During these days, though, when travel is liable to be impeded by snowdrifts, they find other diversions. And judging by shouts which come from the snow-covered hilltop, during recreation periods, there is plenty of relaxation and good-natured fun. There are a few sleds for coasting. Some students have snowshoes; others try to master the art of skiing—a no mean art when one would rather go skiward than skyward.

Indoors there are games in the recreation hall, or contestants at basketball, and, just at this time, wherever one may go, there is a little group making remote preparations for Christmas.

And what a day is Christmas at Maryknoll! There isn't a Knoller who would wish to go back even to his own fireside, at this time of the year, lest he lose the real spirit of the Maryknoll Christmas.

For weeks previous, preparations of various kinds are under way: decorators scouring the woods for laurel, holly, and pine trees; carpenters busily making a rude crib from the boughs of sturdy trees; choristers practicing carols and hymns; and other "Booths" rehearsing a Christmas playlet. In a corner of the property, Santa Claus is busy prepar-

HAVE YOU EVER—

experienced that sinking feeling which comes when someone you have forgotten sends you a Christmas present? Christmas itself is a gift from the Divine Infant. Give Him an exchange by remembering His missions.

Drop a daily sacrifice from now till the twenty-fifth into **THE OLD FAMILY STOCKING**

If you have none,

WRITE TO MARYKNOLL

ing and filling his bag with gifts for all at the Seminary. Then as the day itself approaches, throughout the house—chapel,



OUR CHRISTMAS DECORATORS SCOUR THE WOODS FOR LAUREL, HOLLY, AND PINE.

dining rooms, halls, and corridors—are hung laurel and pine; and the spirit is in the air.

But under external marks of the holidays runs a deep spirit of unnamed gladness and peace—the true spirit of the feast.

Late in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the Divine Office is chanted; still later carolers announce the hour of midnight Mass. And there in our rough and yet unplastered chapel, surrounded only with the dignity of the liturgy and chant, the Divine Babe is born anew in every heart on Mary's peaceful, starlit hilltop.

Of course, Santa has his time and place, and before Christmas has far advanced, the ruddy visi-

tor is ready for his part. He has been told beforehand what would most pleasantly surprise his "children."

Does the spirit last? It seems never to be forgotten; and some of our men have written back from the field telling us how happy they are with their own Christmas, in recalling the event at the Maryknoll fireside—happiness that comes with the memory of having dwelt close to Christ.

As may have been surmised, the students do not go home for the holidays; but they are kept busy with their own quota of winter sports, manual labor, and entertainment of other seminarians who are unfortunate enough to be away from their study-hives.

A group of students from Brooklyn have made a trip to our hilltop annually at this season, and many of the New York diocesan students come in to exchange greetings.

November brought us several feast days. On the twenty-first, however, we celebrated not only the feast of Our Lady's Presentation, but also the birthday of our young martyr, Théophane Vénard. On this occasion, eighteen students were invested with the cassock and the cincture. The scene is always an interesting and memorable one. This year, in the absence of the Maryknoll Superior, who was making a visitation

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?



OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE MISSION EXHIBIT. JUST BEFORE IT LEFT MARYKNOLL FOR ROME.

of our houses on the Pacific Coast, the ceremony was presided over by the Rev. W. J. Downs, rector of the Vénard Preparatory College, who also delivered the sermon for that event.

"Lizzie"—until lately our faithful Lizzie—went back on us. Number three has gone. Cleaned, polished, and sparkling, we took her to the station to meet an archbishop—no less! The going was not so bad, but when she saw the distinguished guest, Lizzie got obstinate and wouldn't move. We coaxed, and urged, then threatened, but not until we were blushing an episcopal red did we get a move out of that refractory Lizzie. A few mornings later, as we got down to our desk, the first thing to catch our eye was a letter from a kind benefactor offering us another automobile—not a Lizzie—and not so very far out of date. Of course, we jumped into it, but we have been wondering ever since, who's been telling on Lizzie.

The auxiliary departments in which the Maryknoll Brothers de-

vote themselves to the works of Maryknoll at home and abroad, are, in many respects, similar to the auxiliary branches of armies. Mechanics, carpenters, and painters form the Maryknoll "engineering corps"; there are clerks and other workers in the commissary and publicity departments; nurses in the medical department; chauffeurs in the transport department. The greatest work of the Brothers may prove to be in the teaching and nursing professions.

In the Catholic Church, education and the teaching of religion have always been closely associated. Here there is an unlimited field for the Brothers. At present there is room in each of fifteen or more larger mission stations of Maryknoll in China and Korea for one or two Brothers to teach English in the elementary schools, and for one or two others to do dispensary work. In the larger centers, also, communities of Brothers could conduct industrial schools, high schools, and colleges.

Echoes have reached the editorial sanctum of a retreat

preached this past fall to our seminarians. The retreat-master was Fr. Ledwith, M. S., and the retreat is characterized as a "grand success," "the best I ever made," one in which "hash to smallpox" received a spiritual twist. We wonder—but we must admit that so far the results appear good. By their fruits we shall know.

Seven Maryknollers are at the Catholic University anxious to make the best possible use of time and opportunities. This year they have stepped out of the Apostolic Mission House, the fourth floor of which has given Maryknollers rented shelter for the past two years, and have gone across the street to a small house owned by the Apostolic Mission Corporation. Maryknoll, with so much to do elsewhere, must wait before it can have its own home at the university. And it will not require a large one when that time does come. Yet it would welcome the day.

SING SING AND THE CHAPLAIN.

WE have reason to believe that the name Maryknoll is more widely known today than is that of the very attractive town of Ossining in which it is located. We are quite sure, however, that Maryknoll is not at all so well known as Sing Sing, by which name the town was once called and which now designates the grim-walled prison on the river front.

Our Superior says that in his travels the mention of *Ossining* has rarely produced a reaction, but that of *Sing Sing* is like magic and lights faces instantly. The more's the pity, but that is the fact.

And next to Sing Sing comes the name of Fr. Cashin, its revered and much admired Chaplain, who, for the last twelve years has

If you are thinking of taking out a Maryknoll Annuity, you could not choose a better time for Maryknoll than just now.

IT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE TO SECURE FOR MARYKNOLL

TO PRIESTS AND SISTERS!

For several summers past, priest-guests at Maryknoll have been much interested in a flaky, light-weight vestment of Chinese texture, with which the Maryknoll sacristies are to some extent supplied. Requests for similar vestments were met by the assurance that when settled, our Sisters in China would provide them.

This, we are pleased to announce, can now be done. The vestments run in cost from twenty-five dollars a set up, according to the amount of embroidery.

Orders can be sent to the Sisters through *The Field Afar*, or the Sisters may be addressed directly as follows:

Maryknoll Convent,
103 Austin Road,
Kowloon, Hongkong.

served the prisoners with untiring devotion, and who has recently been transferred by his Eminence Cardinal Hayes to St. Andrew's in New York.

"And what has Fr. Cashin to do with Maryknoll and *THE FIELD AFAR*?" you ask. Any young Maryknoll apostle here or across the Pacific will tell you that the Chaplain of Sing Sing, whose appointment dates from the opening of our Seminary, has been from the beginning one of the family—an intimate—and, to not a few of our aspirant apostles, a spiritual adviser. (Coincidentally, too, Sing Sing is a Chinese name.)

There are many in varied walks of life who will miss Fr. Cashin as Chaplain of Sing Sing, and we of Maryknoll, as well as the good people of Ossining, do not like to lose him as a neighbor; but we are glad of his new opening for helpfulness to many and sure that the cause for which Maryknoll strives will keep its place in his big heart.

If you see a Chi Rho pin on your laundryman's breast, say "Maryknoll" and watch him smile.

REVERED FRIENDS.

In the Midsummer Number of *THE FIELD AFAR*, on page 229, the intake reported by your treasurer for the first six months of 1924 showed some signs of a drought. You asked that some one squeeze a cloud and add some drops to the treasure-tank.

Enclosed you will find two Government Bonds. They are given in memory of ————. I persuaded the person who had them to give them for your good work. Will you kindly acknowledge their receipt so that I may show that I have fulfilled my trust?

Fr. ———, Pennsylvania.

For the first time in the history of the parish, I took up a collection for foreign missions in our church. The result of it was \$223.40. I expect to make this an annual event. I wish to apply this first offering to the grand work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America at Maryknoll. Use it for whatever you deem best in your foreign mission field.

That God may bless the great work the Society is doing is my earnest daily prayer.—*Rev. Friend, New York.*

For some time I have been contemplating sending fifty dollars of my slender means, as a life subscription to the best little missionary magazine that's printed—namely, *THE FIELD AFAR*. However, upon second thought, it oc-

curred to me that perhaps, 'twere better to send the subscription price and ask you to send the paper to fifty persons who are not on your list already. If some of those renew their subscription and if all of them are led to say a prayer for Maryknoll in China, surely then the missions will be better advanced than by my lonely life subscription.

Enclosed herewith is check for fifty dollars and the names and addresses of fifty families.—*Rev. Friend, Minnesota.*

THE FIELD AFAR arrives regularly and I can't let it go till I have read it from cover to cover. Your work will certainly continue to improve and flourish with such an organ on the field. If people only knew its value, you would have more than double the encouraging number of subscribers which you have at present.

Here at the "Star of the Sea" we are trying to improve day by day. Our numbers ran up to a little over eight hundred thirty and we enjoy the distinction of being the largest Middle School in Nagasaki with a fine representation in the higher institutions of learning in the city and elsewhere. One is in the College of Mining in Korea.

Conversions are few; but as our work consists principally in breaking down prejudice, we struggle on and leave the results in the hands of God.—*A Brother of St. Mary, Nagasaki, Japan.*



THE LAST PORTION OF MARYKNOLL'S ROMAN EXHIBIT LEAVING OUR COURTYARD.

Note the unfinished tower—necessarily incomplete.

PLOTS OF LAND YET COVERED WITH DEBT.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS' PAGE.

MARYKNOLL Professed Sisters now number one hundred and eighteen. They are distributed as follows:

At Maryknoll-on-Hudson, 54; Scranton, 5; Los Angeles, 16; Seattle, 14; Kowloon, 11; Yeungkong, 6; Loting, 6; Korea, 6.

Recently eighteen postulants arrived, and the bright smiles they brought with them are still radiating the warmth of the charity that has given all for Christ. The senior group of postulants and a small band of novices are preparing for reception and profession on December 8.

Sisters attached to Maryknoll, somewhat over two hundred, represent forty-six dioceses and fifteen countries—a few from each section, but a gratifying total.

Thanks to the generosity of His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, four of the Maryknoll Sisters have been doing propaganda work in Philadelphia. They have visited the schools, sometimes talking to the children in assembly, but more often going from class to class. Their object has been to awaken or increase a love of missions in these young souls and to secure subscriptions to *The Maryknoll Junior*.

It was with no little trepidation that the Sisters undertook this long-hoped-for phase of their mission activity, but the consideration and courtesy extended by both priests and Sisters quickly dispelled fears and gave them courage to make the utmost of His Eminence's time of grace.

We shall welcome more opportunities of this kind for our Sisters in other parts of the country.

Marquette University has opened a new Hospital College, a much needed and most welcomed department in Catholic medical

education. Two of our Sisters, both graduate nurses, have registered for special courses.

At Marquette, also, are two young women, Maryknoll-ward bound, who are studying medicine, and a third will join them next year.

Effective work in the missions requires many such trained laborers.

All friends of Maryknoll will be interested to learn that a lodge is now being erected by the Maryknoll Sisters, at a short distance from the Maryknoll compound.

This lodge, which will be known as *Bethany House*, will accommodate about twenty women guests. Arrangements will be made for those who wish to remain some time, as also for transients and week-end visitors or retreatants.

Bethany House will be conducted by the Sisters themselves and will meet an oft-expressed need. The progress of the new house will be recorded on this page.

To make missions self-supporting is a missionary's ideal—and one of the most difficult to attain.

To help secure this, however, for our Maryknoll missions, the Maryknoll Sisters are developing several lines of industrial art: weaving, pottery, metal work, embroidery, book-binding, and tooling. Such industries can be taught to both women and boys and replace the making of articles for pagan worship by which thou-

sands earn a meager livelihood, and which is forbidden once they become Christians.

But even when industries are established, there is the all-important question of a market for the goods produced.

We hope to make the Procure at 410 East 57th Street a center for such products and the Sisters will soon exhibit there for sale a varied collection of mission and oriental goods brought over from China and Japan by Mother Mary Joseph.

All of the linens and laces are the exquisite handiwork of orphans in different missions, trained by European Sisters; and the embroidered panels, shawls, scarfs, kimonos, and unusual novelties in bags, ivories, crystals, jades, pearls, damascene and cloisonné, show the skill of these oriental workers. There are a few fine specimens, too, of work from India. There will also be an interesting display of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean dolls dressed in native costumes.

Before buying your Christmas gifts elsewhere, will you not go to the Procure to see if there is not something that will satisfy your need? You will render the mission cause a great service by promoting the sale of these articles, which will be reasonably priced and make unique gifts.

Why not take a friend along with you—and tell others of this Maryknoll mission corner?

The Maryknoll Sisters are receiving many requests for a remembrance of intentions in their successive novenas. One novena follows another immediately, so that intentions are not long delayed. Our readers are encouraged to take advantage of this spiritual opening for their needs. Should they do so, they may write directly to the

Rev. Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll Convent, Maryknoll, N. Y.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

With a group of Japanese children, their parents, and teachers at the Maryknoll school.

BAMBOO PHIL

VACATION is over and we have gone back to school for our annual rest. It is delightful to get into a bench and sit for hours each day. Americans often misname things; they call vacation a rest, though it is their most restless time. We Japanese more honestly speak of vacation as going away to play. Play gets tiresome when it lasts too long. One of the six priests who visited us on the way West to Eastern Asia, dropped in at our school and quizzed us. He asked a youngster what sort of place a seminary is. The answer came promptly: "The place where persons rest forever." One of the priests said the answer would be more correct if the last word were omitted. I'm glad to know that I am not alone in saying that the school bench is a good resting place. These same priests, I imagine, will think the seminary was a rest-house, when they begin to tackle the Japanese and Chinese lingo. By the way, "go" means language in our tongue.

Our vacation was somewhat dull. We had hoped to spend a few weeks camping in some fine mountain canyon, but the fear of forest fires, and later, actual fires, barred several likely places against us. The countryside was parched after six months of broiling sun; but we boys would have been in no danger, since we throw no cigarette

butts and burning matches about. None of us has ever used tobacco.

We did get an occasional outing, however. One day we spent a half day in the water and rolling about on the beach. Unfortunately Brothers Patrick and Théophane were tenderfeet, and it took them a week or two to act naturally again.

Japanese children have not the American boy's fear of unknown animals. They can eat snails like a man from Brittany. At the seashore they capture all sorts of creatures, not minding their pincers and teeth. And they are all the time searching for strange plants and curious spiders in the fields. No wonder Sister Elizabeth is kept busy with disinfectants and bandages.

One of Father's trips to an inland desert revealed miles of a peculiar whitish sand that was strewn with small sea shells. Some of the shells were so tiny that we could scarcely see them; yet they were perfect miniatures of those found on the seashore. Father said that a microscope would show all of the sand composed of minute shells. We were fully two hundred miles from the sea, though probably not many feet above its level. The place is at the point where San Geronio Pass descends from the North into the Imperial Valley. It was perhaps tens of thousands of years ago that the ocean waves broke over this extensive desert,

depositing its shells and leaving its markings on the rocks of near-by mountains; the marvel is that myriads of frail shells should still be intact with the terrific heat of an Imperial sun beating upon them and alternating cyclonic windstorms driving down the pass during countless ages.

Tubercular patients still continue to come into the Church. Two men from Monrovia were buried from our chapel since last I wrote. Fr. Swift made an address in Japanese at the last funeral. After the service, an old man hung about to get acquainted with the Father. He wished to be baptized, and at once; but, in the end, consented to a course of instructions. He had become an Episcopalian in Japan many years ago, while still a young man. The minister, who received him, himself became a Catholic and urged his converts from paganism to follow him into the true Church. None did so at the time. This one fruit of his admonition and example is ripening now. The seed lay dormant a long time.

Before the middle of September, our school had an enrollment of two hundred and sixty-five pupils—an increase in numbers over last year despite a raise in tuition.

**A good book for One Dollar?
Yes, at Maryknoll.**

(See the back cover)

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

SEATTLE BROADCASTING!

ON Sunday, September 21, Fr. O'Rafferty, of St. Edward's Parish, invited the Maryknollers to make their work known in his parish. At four in the afternoon, on the same day, two Maryknollers attended the quarterly convention of the Holy Name Union of Seattle Diocese, at which one of the Maryknollers spoke on the present status of our Society and of the work ahead. All the members present were invited to meet the outgoing missionaries.

An impressive departure ceremony was held at St. James's Cathedral, at which His Lordship Bishop O'Dea officiated. The ceremony was well attended by priests, Sisters, Brothers, and mission friends in and about Seattle.

On Monday, September 29, at eleven in the morning, the *President Grant* favored the Maryknollers in Seattle by taking off their hands twelve twentieth century crusaders blessed with zealous hearts and keen appetites. It would have been a shame to delay their departure longer. May their years be many and their labors successful! And if success is not perceptible to them personally, may it come in God's own time. Farewell!

Maryknollers in Seattle appreciate the sacrifices and kindnesses of their friends of the Great Northwest.

From October 9-11, the Maryknoll Circle conducted a successful bazaar in the Kindergarten. Many valuable articles were donated by friends in and about Seattle.

Among the guests who favored us with a recent visit were the Rev. Coulth Killion, O.M.Cap., Roseburg, Oregon; the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., St. Louis, Mo.; the V. Rev. Peter T. Janser, S.V.D., and 1924 mission group from the Society of the Divine Word; the Rev. W. T. Lewis, O.P.; the Rev. J. S. Rice, O.P.; and the Rev. Paul M. Regan, M.S., Antsirabe, Madagascar.

The assignments to the Orient this year took away one of the foundation stones of Maryknoll-in-Seattle, Bro. Martin, who for the past four years has transported the Japanese kiddies to and from the Maryknoll Kindergarten. Bro. Martin made good friends and kept them. He endeared himself especially to the Japanese who keenly regret his going away. The children are his champions and to know that he loved them, one had only to peep into the kindergarten at noon recess and see him playing with all of them or coaching some would-be Jack Dempseys. During the first year here, it was his privilege to serve Mass for His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Dea, who holds Bro. Martin in high

O ye shepherds, speak, and tell us what ye have seen; who is appeared in the earth.—We saw the new-born Child, and angels singing praise to the Lord. Alleluia, Alleluia.

esteem and regrets his leaving Seattle. Bro. Martin goes to Hongkong to help in the development of the St. Louis Industrial School.

MITES.

The enclosed is the result of dropping coins into one of the little Mite Boxes received. It is too bad that many of the wealthy individuals who easily might, "mite" not.—*New York.*

My Mite Box, into which goes every copper I get, dropped recently, and I was surprised at the count, \$5.05. This is the accumulation in "brownies" in the last five months.—*South Carolina.*



THE NEW MARYKNOLL POSTER

You are looking for a catchy way to catch friends for us. The new Maryknoll poster (size fourteen inches by eighteen inches) is an ideal announcement card for a bulletin board, a society room, a church vestry. A Mite Box clipped to its base makes a good combination for passing small change. We shall gladly send one or several on request. (Ten cents in stamps for each.)

Circles and Smiles.



A Christmas of Richest Blessings
and of All Good Cheer is the Wish
of the Maryknoll Family for Every
Circler!

YOU have truly found the open sesame to the great treasure house of graces which the Babe of Bethlehem offers to all mankind on His birthday; for the real spirit of Christmas can be enjoyed only by those who have striven to bring the season's happiness to other souls. During the past year, you have made it possible for our missionaries to take the joyous tidings of the Christ Child to many, many souls in fields afar.

Welcome gifts from "departure showers" are still coming to the home Knoll. A few of recent date were from Mission Circle, Belleville, N. J.; Immaculate Conception Circle, Yonkers, N. Y.; Newman Club, Ithaca, N. Y.; Little Flower Circle of Maryland; Rosary Circle, N. Y. C.; Our Lady of Maryknoll Circle, N. Y. C.

Holy Souls Circle of Lowell, Mass., has completed its gift of \$500 for a missionary's passage to the Orient. Generous gifts for the Missioners' Ticket o'Leave were received from Stella Circle, N. Y. C.; St. Mary's Circle, Cambridge, Mass.; and Holy Name Monastery, Ohio.

The Immaculate Conception Circle of Somerville, Mass., remembered one of our missionaries bound for China, with a generous purse.

Our stand-by, the Mite Box, continues to jingle with welcome stringless coins for Christmas. From one Family Mite Box, Connecticut, came a gift of \$23.

Maryknoll's Circle of friends among the hospitals is ever widening. A vari-

The Maryknoll stocking is too large to hang, but it is hitched to the chimney and stands on the floor, yawning for friends.

KNOLLCHATS.

And say! Did you see Knollchats? No? It is and it isn't a Field Afar supplement; but whatever its designation, it is meant for the eyes of our Circlers, who are going to like it.

If, then, you are a Circle head (the Chinese would call you, as such, Number One), tell the Circle Director at Maryknoll to put your Circle on the Knollchat list. If you are not a Number One, ask your Number One to let you see Knollchats. Don't miss it.

*Address correspondence to the
Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

ety of gifts, including bandages, medical supplies, and a Stringless Gift, have been received from these hospitals: St. Margaret's, Kansas; All Souls, Morristown, N. J.; St. Mary's, Mo.; St. Francis, Wis.

We are very grateful to Court Regina Coeli and to Court Regina Coeli No. 601, both of White Plains, N. Y., for their generous Stringless Gifts.

A fine statue of Our Blessed Mother was received recently from The Mary Circle of the Sacred Heart School, New Jersey. The gift is in memory of Sister Mary Canice.

Another memorial room at our Seminary has been taken by a Circle. This time it is the Aloysius Circle of New York City.

Maria Mission Circle No. 3, of Pittsburgh, is continuing the support of a catechist. The "Penn" state has another catechist to its credit through the generosity of a friend of Maryknoll in Braddock.

From Lawrence, Mass., we received a beautiful altar lace, the handiwork of one of Maryknoll's most zealous friends.

The gap left in our linen closet by departure has been reduced through a supply of towels sent by Little Teresa Circle of Westfield, Mass.; also through a life-sized package of towels and table linen which hailed all the way from Michigan, labeled, "from a friend."

We are happy to introduce to the members of our Circle Family its very newest member, the Father Price Circle, of Brooklyn, New York. This group of workers is most fortunate in

having among its members one who knew Father Price personally. What memorial could be more fitting than a Circle of coworkers for his beloved Maryknoll? It gives promise of becoming one of our most enthusiastic Circles.

Have you a place on your shopping list for your GIFT-TO-THE-CHRIST-CHILD? SPREAD THE GIFT-TO-THE-CHRIST-CHILD IDEA AMONG YOUR FRIENDS!

MARYKNOLL ADOPTIONS.

The idea of being a Maryknoll Aunt rather appeals to me, and I am writing to you for further particulars. As I understand it, the amount required is two hundred and fifty dollars for board and tuition of one student for a year, and the Seminary course is six years. I should like to start a young man just entering the Seminary. I don't mean the Preparatory College, but the Seminary. I am very much interested in your work, as I spent a year in China, Japan, and the Philippines. Next to going myself as a missionary, I think the most meritorious thing I can do is to send a representative, don't you?

—Washington, D. C.

From a State west of the Mississippi comes this letter that marks another Maryknoll adoption:

Though myself a missionary priest in the wilds of Idaho, yet I feel that I must do something to pay up for my numerous sins; so am sending you a small check, \$5, the first installment on \$100 a year which I desire to give for the education of one of your Chinese students for the priesthood. I know that my adopted student will, by his piety, alleviate my debt to God.

I take these amounts from my daily small sacrifices. One hundred dollars a year I can afford so that a priest can pray for me. Please count me as a helper of one worthy of our Altars in China. The gift is not much, but I do hope that the Sacred Heart will be merciful to me. My check will come in regularly. Let me know if this suits you. It is the only way I can manage to realize my ideal: a priest to take my place in the missions of the East.

—Rev. Friend, Idaho.

The Mother brought forth the King, Whose name is called THE ETERNAL; the joy of a Mother was hers, remaining a Virgin unsullied; neither before nor henceforth hath there been or shall be such another. Alleluia.

SUBSCRIBERS SAY

Your magazine is a wonder!—*New York.*

THE FIELD AFAR is a delight!—*Connecticut.*

THE FIELD AFAR is a tonic when I am blue.—*New York.*

The children enjoy *The Junior* immensely.—*Hawaii.*

THE FIELD AFAR is eagerly read by the whole family.—*New York.*

THE FIELD AFAR is interesting and original.—*New York.*

I should be lost in my own home without THE FIELD AFAR.—*Ohio.*

THE FIELD AFAR is always welcome and never disappointing.—*California.*

THE FIELD AFAR is so different from other magazines and such good reading.—*New York.*

I don't know how you can send out such a splendid magazine for so little money.—*Delaware.*

The dollar is for a year's subscrip-

tion to THE FIELD AFAR (unrivalled missionary journal!)—*Ohio.*

Your follow-up system is positively O. K. Had about forgotten what I consider a deep obligation.—*New York.*

While the good Lord gives me health and strength to earn a dollar, I will get THE FIELD AFAR.—*Pennsylvania.*

THE FIELD AFAR is certainly getting better every year. I don't know what I should ever do without it.—*New Jersey.*

I am a subscriber to many Catholic magazines and like THE FIELD AFAR the best. I read every word of it.—*New Jersey.*

THE FIELD AFAR finds its way to the end of the Island regularly and is welcomed in the classroom by teachers and pupils.—*L. I., N. Y.*

The copy of THE FIELD AFAR which I received yesterday has been "devoured" already, and I'm looking forward to the next issue.—*New York.*

For enclosed money order (\$5), renew my subscription to THE FIELD

AFAR for two years, at \$2 a year, and put the \$1 where it will fit.—*Illinois.*

To say that I am pleased with your magazine is putting it quite mildly. Each succeeding issue is always better than the preceding one. May the good work keep on going!—*Pennsylvania.*

It is with great consolation that we note the perceptible growth in the mission spirit among our children. THE FIELD AFAR and *The Maryknoll Junior* do much to help on the good cause.—*Illinois.*

Heartily agreeing with many readers that \$1 is but a mite for so interesting, instructive, and edifying a periodical as THE FIELD AFAR, I am enclosing \$2 for my annual subscription renewal.—*Massachusetts.*

We enjoy THE FIELD AFAR each month and read it with the greatest interest. We have some friends here who lived in Korea many years and we have heard them tell of the great opportunities there; so, for that reason, we are particularly interested in the accounts of your work in that country.—*Kentucky.*

You Cannot Do Better than to Give to Your Friend

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

THE FIELD AFAR

The paper that is read from cover to cover. Its enthusiastic friends are found in every walk of life and in almost every country.

You Won't Have to Shop for This Present!

You may have the Field Afar go to your friend for one year for the price of \$1, or for six years, \$5.

A specially prepared card announcing your gift will be mailed so as to reach your friend before Christmas.

Fill and return the form below:

TO THE FIELD AFAR,
MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK.

I enclose \$1 for a yearly, or \$5 for a six-year subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, beginning at once, for:

Name

Address

City State

Name of Remitter Address of Remitter

WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS.

Pick-Ups.

THE Publication Department at Maryknoll does not, as some people imagine, conduct a huge printing plant. Most of our printing is done in New York by a capable house whose work speaks for itself.

The official publication of the China Society of America announces that the Peking Young Men's Christian Association is practically dead. Internal dissension among the directors and secretaries is said to be the reason.

Certainly—your renewal will be more than welcome; and, if you send it without an extra reminder from our busy office, you will save Maryknoll money and time. And "tim is money," as one French friend says.

If you must be reminded, will you please fine yourself for our benefit?

Maryknollers in Seattle and those leaving that city for Asia were enthusiastic over the victory gained by Mr. John J. Sullivan, in securing the admittance of seventeen Chinese into the United States.

These Chinese, as members of merchants' families in Seattle, were privileged to enter, but had been denied their right.

By the courtesy and good will of His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, the Archdiocese of Philadelphia was open to Maryknollers for propaganda from mid-August until October 15. In that period, fifty churches were visited by Maryknoll priests, and about twenty-six schools by Maryknoll Sisters. In the churches, the appeal was, as always, for subscribers for THE FIELD AFAR; and in the schools, for The Junior.

Not all who were approached could provide the desired opening, but kindness was unailing; and Maryknoll is indebted to Catholics



Some of our aspirant apostles instructed them, and, after their baptism, they received first Holy Communion at Maryknoll.

of the Philadelphia Archdiocese for their welcome.

No, we have no mission in Africa, and there is small likelihood that we shall have one in this generation; but a Maryknoller who gets a chance to make known His Master and passes it by, is not worthy of the Apostolate. The Negro group on this page are members of a southern family that camped on the Maryknoll compound last summer, when outside work was in progress on our Seminary. Some of our aspirant apostles instructed them, and, after their baptism, they received first Holy Communion at Maryknoll. May they persevere!

O Key of David, and Scepter of the house of Israel; That openest and no man shutteth; and shuttest and no man openeth; come, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The Foreign Mission Society of Milan has chosen as Superior-General the Rev. Paolo Manna, M. Ap. Fr. Manna is a tireless worker, whose labors have been divided between the mission field

and the editor's chair. For years he has published the Italian edition of *Catholic Missions*, and, incidentally, many books and pamphlets bearing on mission life. He is the author of *Operarii Autem Pauci*, among other books. This was translated by Msgr. McGlinchey into English under the title, *The Workers Are Few*.

Fr. Manna has also been deeply interested in the development of the *Unio Cleri*, an organization for strengthening mission interest among the clergy.

The Chinese like the United States, and one strong reason is the fact that this country applied its Boxer indemnity to the benefit of the Chinese people. That was at the close of the Boxer uprising in 1900. Recently the Chinese Minister of Finance and Agriculture, speaking in Honolulu, said:

A quarter of a century has passed by, and the conscience of the world has awakened to the injustice done to the Chinese people. America was the first to rectify the wrong—to the everlasting gratitude of the Chinese race. From all present indications, the remaining Powers will, before long, display the same magnanimity as the American Nation, thus proving in the immortal words of Omar Khayyam that "Justice is the soul of the universe."

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.

Colaborers.

Down in South Africa at Marianhill—where the Trappist Fathers have a mission—there are no fewer than *one hundred and sixty-seven auxiliary Brothers*, and they are indispensable.

The mission compound is a vast establishment with hundreds of acres of ground and a score of buildings. All the work has been done by the auxiliary Brothers among whom are architects, engineers, and representatives of twenty-two different trades.

The auxiliaries are distributed in several stations, and a building committee travels as needed from place to place. This is Marianhill. And Maryknoll is ambitious to follow the example and secure before long at least a hundred fine auxiliary Brothers, for its various works. Already Maryknoll is fortunate in an excellent nucleus of thirty-five.

Fr. Desreumaux of the Jesuit mission of south-east Chihli, China, writes:

There is much agitation in modern intellectual circles concerning the religious question. John Mott, the promoter of the Y. M. C. A. in China, is presiding over the world assembly of Christian students at Peking. The assembly was to have been held at Tsing Hua College, the Chinese college which prepares students for American universities. But a group of students was opposed to this. The Y. M. C. A. is Christian, they say, and they do not want any religion. Since then, a number of anti-religious pamphlets have been published by students, and even by professors of the University of Peking. It is a movement which is spreading.

As there is no Catholic institution for higher learning in China, except at Shanghai, these attacks are aimed at the Protestants rather than at Catholics; but how sad it is that the only knowledge all this intellectual youth of China has of Jesus Christ has come to them through Protestant channels! —(*Les Missions Catholiques*).

Fr. Heinrich of the Marianist Brothers in Japan writes:

I am here in Nagasaki for the annual retreat of our Brothers. There are thirty-two making it, twenty of



This is not a Maryknoller, but a hard-hit Franciscan, Fr. Klaus, in Shantung. The photograph he sends is so true to life, and his personal appeal (one of many that come to us as if we were a Mission Aid Society and had no debts to pay, or buildings to erect, or missions to support) so strong, that we print the following:

The constant WORRYMAKER, the YELLOW RIVER, has left its regular path causing a terrible deluge through Wutingfu, burying villages with all their inhabitants, people, and animals. The high dam was broken through last fall, the strong, powerful waves causing misery for the helpless people. Streams of sand are covering and destroying the products of the fields, converting cultivated ground into a vast death-bringing sea.

whom are Japanese. Five of these twenty have already made their perpetual vows, and three will be professed at the close of the retreat. It is, of course, preached in the vernacular for the Japanese, and in French for the others. There is only one genuine American brother among the retreatants. One of the Japanese-brothers is leaving for Fribourg, Switzerland, to prepare for the priesthood.

In Tokyo, at the Morning Star School, we have among the seniors, thirty-seven boarders. Only ten of these are not catechumens. The neophytes are especially zealous in order to bring their comrades to conversion.

We hear much about China being crowded with her four hundred millions of people, but we learn that two-thirds of China's area "awaits the awakening voice of the locomotive to begin a development which will mean a new era in China"; and, as Napoleon once said, "As China goes, so goes the world."

In days of old, when ships had sails,
A year would drag between the mails;
My Christmas Greetings from Cathay
Could hardly reach you on that day.
But now, through endless realms of space,

Our messages may quickly race.
And early in the coming year,
I can receive your answering cheer.
But, better, let our souls attune,
Nor time nor space when they commune.

So fondly, from my grateful soul,
I pray the Christ Child not to dole,
But lavish forth His Bounty free,
On you and yours, eternally.

And when you think of me and mine,
Please ask the Loving Babe Divine
To bless our labors, and reclaim
These Chinese souls for whom we came;

And lead them to His saving fount,
And make them ever surely mount
In grace and numbers, till we see,
All Celestials—heavenly.

—O. S.

Fifty cents will list you or yours
as a Maryknoll Associate.

• SELECT UNUSUAL XMAS GIFTS FROM OUR ORIENTAL EXHIBIT

Medical Interest.

ST. Gertrude's Guild, in Lowell, Mass., includes about fifty Catholic nurses in that city, whose present ambition is to erect a hospital to be conducted by Maryknoll Sisters in China. This organization marks an important step in the backing of American Catholic mission effort.

A medical man writes:

I note with particular satisfaction the waking of Medical Mission interest.

It has occurred to me that if one of your representatives could address the training schools for nurses at hospitals, it might be productive of some good.

I feel quite sure that Catholic Medical Missions and Catholic training schools are strangers to each other, and the spoken word makes more impression than one that is simply read.

I should like to see that part of mission effort where it ought to be, and am convinced more people can be reached through the medical end than, perhaps, through any other. There is so much suffering.

Fr. Taggart says:

I did not see *Wongchumpo* in a normal time, for half the Christians were down with smallpox, or as nearly down as Chinamen will stay when sick. I told them to stay in bed and keep away from the people who did not have the disease. Like good Christians, they obeyed, but the period of their obedience generally extended over a period of about two minutes.

The Chinese do not seem to pay much attention to smallpox. All assured me that the only thing necessary was to keep out of the wind. How you can keep out of the wind in a Chinese house, I do not know.

We quote from Bro. John:

Sunday, during a thunderstorm, lightning struck a little girl on the left side. I never saw anything like the effect. You would think some one had run a hot iron down her side. She suffered from shock, and is determined, henceforth, not to stand in front of a door during a thundershower.

When returning to Tungchen Fr. Cairns and I had to swim across several rice fields. When the chair men saw Fr. Cairns jump into the water they started to scream, for they thought he was going to commit



suicide. We looked like two drowned rats when we got to the mission.

We shall have to open a dispensary in Kochow as it is only a day's journey from there to any of the missions in our district. At present it would take fully two days to get a messenger to me and two days for me to get to any station.

I shall have to ask you to interest your friends, if possible, in our dis-



BROTHER JOHN DRESSING AN INFECTIOUS WOUND AT THE TUNGCHEN DISPENSARY.

pensary work. During the past six months, we had an average of three thousand treatments a month. I have not been able to keep in touch with my friends through correspondence. Gifts, therefore, have been on the wane. Some time ago, I vaccinated three hundred persons and I had to send for more vaccine. When the bill came, I almost lost my sight. It was fifty dollars. The people at Kochow want us to take over their hospital and pesthouse, which have been standing idle for the past few years; but, unless Fr. Paschang gets some promise of support, he will not make the venture. Our present plans are to utilize one of the mission buildings until we can build a hospital of our own.

Spiritual Bouquet Card

A neat folder with a page to be filled in with a "bouquet" or a notice of Masses said.

Ten cents each; five cents in quantities.

FIELD AFAR OFFICE.

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any bursse or share in a bursse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new bursse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursse	\$4,574.18
The Most Precious Blood Bursse	4,502.19
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursse	4,050.00
St. Patrick Bursse	3,944.99
Trinity Wokanduit Bursse	3,603.53
Curd of Ars Bursse	3,593.20
St. Anthony Bursse	3,538.06
St. Anne Bursse	3,247.59
St. Philomena Bursse	3,105.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursse	3,005.00
N. M. Bursse	3,000.00

St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston

Bursse	2,994.59
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursse	2,716.80
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursse	2,685.36
St. Michael Bursse No. 2	2,501.83
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursse	2,500.00
College of St. Vincent Bursse	2,500.00
Father Chapon Bursse	2,230.00
Dunwoody Seminary Bursse	2,208.21
Marywood College Bursse	2,098.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursse	2,071.89
Holy Child Jesus Bursse	2,022.85
Mother Seton Bursse	1,933.18
Pius X Bursse	1,755.25
St. Dominic Bursse	1,734.07
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Bursse	1,570.98

Duluth Diocese Bursse

Bernadette of Lourdes Bursse	1,411.70
St. Agnes Bursse	1,364.75
Immaculate Conception Patron of America Bursse	1,229.68

Omnia per Mariam Bursse	1,170.23
St. John Baptist Bursse	1,120.00
Bishop Molloy Bursse	948.61
Susan Emery Memorial Bursse	800.00
St. Francis Xavier Bursse	752.27
St. Rita Bursse	713.28
St. Michael Bursse	702.15
St. Lawrence Bursse	693.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse	646.25
St. Joan of Arc Bursse	517.53
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursse	425.01
St. Bridget Bursse	425.00
Children of Mary Bursse	360.00
Holy Family Bursse	350.05
St. John B. de la Salle Bursse	339.00
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Bursse	253.86
St. Boniface Bursse	228.50
Our Lady of Victory Bursse	226.65
The Holy Name Bursse	192.00
SS. Peter and Paul Bursse	175.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursse	150.00
All Saints Bursse	143.50
St. Jude Bursse	139.28
St. Joseph Bursse No. 2	133.50
Archbishop Ireland Bursse	102.00
St. John Berchmans Bursse	101.00
Newark Diocese Bursse	100.00

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Bursse	\$4,448.21
Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursse (Recovered)	4,250.00
Holy Eucharist Bursse (Recovered)	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursse	1,612.80
"C" Bursse II	1,500.00
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St. Aloysius Bursse	647.50
St. Michael Bursse	642.32
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Immaculate Conception Bursse	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

AND HELP THE MISSIONS — NEW YORK PROCURE.



Thank you! A
velly Melly
Klismus
to you also!

"HOW were our returns last month?" the Very Reverend President asked the Treasurer, and that Reverend gentleman was forced to say "punk"—whatever that means. The two looked over the list, compared it with a year ago, agreed that it was under the mark, but were not disturbed just the same, because Maryknoll is God's work and those two officials know it.

No gift reached a four-figure mark, but several friends, including a New England bishop, sent three-figure checks, while the slender stream kept flowing so that the pot is still a-boiling, and men continue to work on the Seminary at Ossining, N. Y., and on the College at Clark's Summit, Pa.

Six wills matured, too, running from one to ten hundred dollars, the last mentioned being that of the late Father Grace of Milford, Mass.

In three other wills we are gratified to learn that the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America has been remembered. These are the wills of Mary O'Reilly, New York City; Thomasina Conrad, Parma, N. Y.; Joseph H. Cunningham, Cambridge, Mass.

Speaking of wills, Maryknoll hearts were well tested recently when news came from an official diocesan source that something big had happened, and that, on the following day, there would arrive at our little post office nothing less than ten one-thousand-dollar bonds. The news was good because we needed badly that

amount and more, and were just negotiating a loan. The bonds came, but a letter followed them to explain that while they were good to look at, we should be fortunate to get fifty dollars for any one of them. We negotiated the loan and are trying now to unload the bonds.

The Mite Club of Boston, through the Diocesan Office of the Propagation of the Faith, has made Fr. Ford, over in China, unusually happy by a Stringless Gift of five hundred dollars.

There is many a magazine that would like to register ten thousand new subscribers in a month, and that is our latest record. If we could, at the same time, keep the older subscribers, we should indeed be a subject of special congratulation—but we cannot; the most we can do is to give delinquents a couple of reminders. Even that service costs us much money.

But we forgive the delinquents and smile a welcome to the 9,644 from Maine to California and from nine foreign countries.

IN PARADISUM. A Christmas Story.

(Continued from page 341)

Without thought of personal danger, calling a companion and two trusted men, Sister Dubois hastily followed Wei's servant.

They found the great house in an



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uproar—desolate cries came from all sides. Sinister-faced men tried to bar their passage, but somehow they evaded them till they reached the room where Wei lay dying. A look of supreme joy lighted his face when he saw the Sister.

"Have you water?" he said. "Baptize me, for the end is near."

Without delay, Sister Dubois poured the saving waters over this elect son of God, this martyr of Christ; for such he was. Urged on by pagan priests and fearing the wrath of their own gods, the noble family of Wei had begged him not to become a Christian. And on this the eve of his baptismal day, he had announced his irrevocable decision to his sons and his sons' sons and all his kinsfolks.

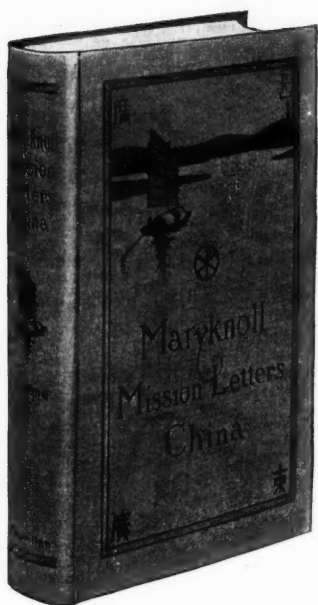
"Rather death than the curse of the devil," whispered the priests—and as Wei left the room, death followed and claimed him.

"Don't forget the children's song, Sister, *In Paradisum*."

Angelic choirs were hymning the jubilant *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, as the soul of Wei was borne by yet other angel bands to the throne of the Great King in Paradise.

Did the Divine Infant's heart glow yet more at the sight? Truly it was worth leaving His own country for a little while that even one such soul as this Chinese Stephen's might bless and glorify His Father for all eternity.

HAVE YOU READ THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR?



Extracts from the letters and diaries of the pioneer Maryknoll Missioners to China.

"Try it on your friends" for Christmas. They will thank you for it!

The volume is a handsome one, of 364 pages with a good index, and thirty-two pages of illustrations. The binding is blue, richly stamped in gold.

A **S**PLENDID American book is Maryknoll Mission Letters. The appearance and the contents recommend it and the great mission idea. Adventure, excitement, suffering, hardship, shrewd observation of people and customs, together with flashes of humor, make the story of these American missionaries as interesting as any novel.

"Of course, the book is intended to make known the Chinese mission and the work of Maryknoll there. But it is literature. In the most unassuming fashion it embodies American and Catholic ideals. There are narratives of adventure, prose poems of descriptions, intimate human touches of the young priests gaily, sturdily, reverently, and bravely entering on their life work with the prospect of martyrdom in a foreign land."

—*The Franciscan Herald.*

THESE Letters are of the simple and friendly type known as "family" letters and for that very reason are the more deeply interesting. The volume contains much to instruct, and not a little to entertain, and it is hard to imagine anyone willingly laying it aside when once started.

"Under all the gay acceptance of hardship we can sense the difficulties of the missionary, knowing little of the customs of his new field and nothing at all of the language. Faith, and faith only, could enable men to wrestle with such problems, and it is the spirit of faith of the Maryknoll pioneers which has enabled them to establish themselves in the Chinese missions.

"As practical instructors in the ways, means, and needs of the various missions, these Letters would be hard to equal. . . . A map of the Maryknoll Missions, and abundant and excellent illustrations, help to make the story easy to follow. We hope the sale will justify the publishing of many more such volumes."

—*Truth Magazine.*

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\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompletable burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	\$1,000.00
Our Lady of Seven Dolours Burse (In memory of Rev. Daniel J. Holland, C. SS. R.).....	757.04
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	611.00
Maryknoll Academic Burse.....	300.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yuehkong Fund, II.....	\$1,826.65
Holy Spirit Burse.....	1,400.00
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billhart Burse.....	362.00

Books Received.

My Happiest Day. By Rev. Frederick A. Reuter, K. C. B. S. William J. Hirten Co., 25 Barclay Street, N. Y. \$1.25.

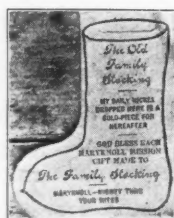
La Cina e i Cinesi. By P. Gerardo Brambilla, Miss. Ap. L. 6.—

Il Propagandista della Missioni. Istituto Missioni Estere, Via Monterossa 81, Milano (37), Italia.

These Eventful Years. The Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., New York City. \$11.50.

The stockings
are hung by the
chimney with
care
In hope that all
Maryknoll
friends will be
there.

(See page 347)



Prayers are requested for the soul of Lady Catherine Berkeley, mother of Sister Xavier of Ningpo, China; also for the soul of Sr. M. Gertrude, Sr. M. Geronimo, Edward Matthews, Margaret McGee, Mrs. Mary E. Dowd, Mrs. Keough, Mrs. O'Keefe, Mary V. Coyne, Katie Connelly, Mrs. Gordon, Edward C. McParlan, Michael F. Kennedy, Mrs. Delia F. Filion, Mrs. Rose Hughes, Mrs. Elizabeth Sheridan, Mr. Cononaugh, Mrs. Margaret Halley, Mrs. Catherine E. Benson, Mrs. Catherine Pryor.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

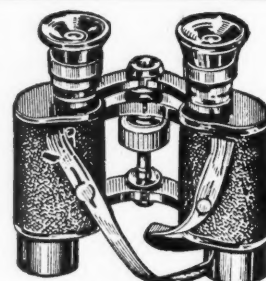
Living: Rev. Friends, 4; Sr. E. G.; Sisters of M.; W. V. F.; M. J. S.; E. McG. and deceased relatives; P. M.; Wm. O'S.; E. E. C.; J. M. C. and family; K. E. D.; M. C.; M. A. H.; E. M.; Mrs. J. C. C. R.; L. B.; C. M. O'B.; Mr. and Mrs. G.; W. C. R.; N. H.; Mrs. C. J.; Mrs. J. C. O'C.; Mrs. M. M. C.

Deceased: Rev. Herbert Regenbogen; Annie Moran; Ellen F. O'Hare; Margaret M. Hogan; Rose Kenney; John J. Hooks; Eugene P. Murphy; Thomas, Catherine, William, Thomas, Jr., and Margaret Murphy; Edward J. Conrick; Michael Kelly; Margaret Mueth; Anna Maria Bockins; Catherine Carroll; Michael, Daniel, and Charles Malone; Galligher family; George, Frances, and Rose Bango; Josephine Volkert; Louise Horn; John Bennett; John Kastner; Charles McIntosh; John R. and Catherine King

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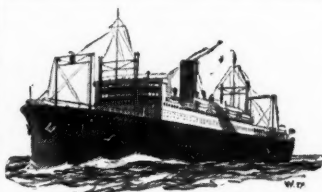
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